This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

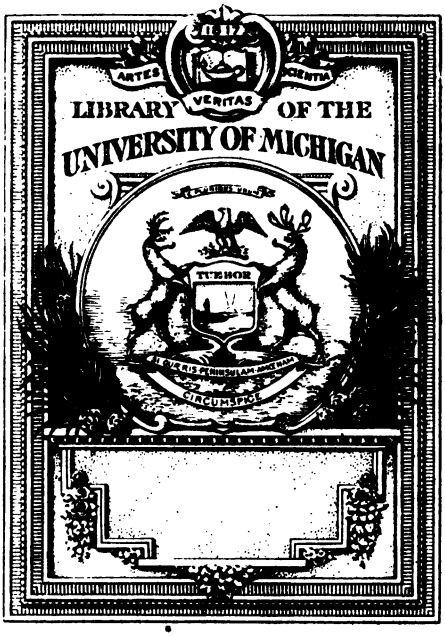
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


ARTES
VERITAS
SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR

828
A8230
A3
1815
V. 2

Ashe, Thomas

MEMOIRS

AND

CONFESSIONS

OF

CAPTAIN ASHE,

AUTHOR OF

"THE SPIRIT OF THE BOOK,"

&c. &c. &c.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

" Rien n'est beau que le vrai,
" Le vrai seul est aimable."

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR HENRY COLBURN,
PUBLIC LIBRARY, CONDUIT-STREET, HANOVER-SQUARE.
1815.

B. Clarke, Printer, Well Street, London.

R.L-St
Cal...
10-7-43
48754

MEMOIRS AND CONFESSIONS

OF

THOMAS ASHE, Esq.

© 10-21-43 SKV

CHAP. I.

Mr. Ashe arrives in Corsica, considering it the Theatre of his future Glory.—Is noticed by Sir Gilbert Elliot and Sir Frederick North.—Success awaits him.—He is made Inspector-General of Accounts.—Corsica is suddenly abandoned by the English.—The rich Garb of the Inspector yields to the Robe of motley Misery.—He returns to England, accompanied by one of the most ungrateful Men.

All vices, say the Platonic philosophers, carry their own punishment in themselves, and this is most certainly the case in despondency and sloth. The timid

and indolent man is most completely his own enemy; his excessive pursuit of his favourite objects, security and rest, like every other excess, defeats itself.

His indolence is a disease, and not an enjoyment; it hangs like a dead weight upon his existence. He literally drags his being along its destined course: he is without even the energy of a plant: he has neither spring of mind to obtain nor to enjoy: he lays as it were his full length upon the earth, and expects that Heaven will shower its blessings into his open bosom.

But it is contrary to the ordinary course of divine assistance, to aid those who will not exert themselves. The timid man flies in the face of the decree of Providence—that man shall only eat, drink, and enjoy life by the sweat of his brow. Every thing, says the Greek proverb, is placed on an eminence, and no one can attain his object, who does not undertake the labour of climbing for it. Heaven has decreed this, in order to promote the

proper exertion of the faculties which it has given us.

Fortified with these considerations, I resolved to make my scanty means answer all the purposes of my gigantic designs. I found my way to Cadiz, procured a passage to Gibraltar, and next obtained permission to embark on board a government vessel, which was bound to Leghorn. All these movements had one good effect: like my other projects, they kept me awake; and though I did not succeed to the utmost, I succeeded so far, as to arrive within a few leagues of Corsica, and to find an interesting occupation in contemplating the theatre of all my future glory.

I rose while here, every morning, with new expectations, and retired at night so weary to my bed, that I had no time for thought. This disposition to illusion was much encreased by the very marked attentions I received on my arrival at Leghorn from Mr. Udney, the British

consul of that place. I called on him without letters of credit or introduction, and he received me with as much kindness as if Mr. Pitt and Abraham Newland had introduced me to his house, with an order to grant me both money and protection.

Mr. Udney was always esteemed on the continent as a very extraordinary man. At the time he honoured me with his notice, he was mellowing rapidly from eccentricity and whim into meritoriousness and admiration. Every hour his judgment forged an additional link of that chain, which time would have used to coerce his passions. His ample mind would not for a moment receive a guest so repulsive, so abhorred, as moroseness. I believe that at his luminous birth, the sun drew all such humours from him. The gentleness of his nature impelled him to be most civil, where incivility might have proved afflictive. His distinctions, on the points of administrative delicacy

to the sons and daughters of distress, were admirable and exemplary. When he did a deed of generosity, he did it twice; for by making the manner of presenting even more acceptable than the gift offered, he artfully contrived to participate in the benefits of that donation, which, with a luxury of feeling, he exceedingly enjoyed. He seemed to rush from the confines of self-love, and regard the unfortunate more than he did himself.

To such a man my story was not told in vain. In short, he treated me as a relative, or a long-esteemed friend. I had the use of his house, his box at the Opera, and his company, as often as he was disengaged. At his table I met several naval officers of distinction: among others, Captain Macnamara, of the Southampton frigate; than whom England had not a more gallant or aspiring commander. It is said, he has since been too precipitate and rash. I venture to pledge myself that his faults, if any, have been the midway

follies of youth, and as such they should be inscribed with perishable matter, and mentioned with an accompanying sentiment of charity. Of his open and generous character, I can speak to an unquestionable certainty. Being bound to Corsica, he not only proffered me a voluntary passage, but he received me into his cabin, and assured my worthy friend, Mr. Udney, that, on his arrival at Bastia, the seat of the Corsican government, it would be his care to recommend me in such a manner as would secure to me the employment I appeared to merit and to seek. Nor did he deviate in any respect from those benevolent intentions. Before he left the island, he obtained for me the esteem and protection of Mr. Harman, the private secretary, and of Sir Frederick North, the public secretary of the governor, Sir Gilbert Elliot. He also did me the honour to introduce me to Mr. Petré, of the commissary, and Colonel Drinkwater, of the war department. Hence I conceived my

rise once more in life as certain; and, as Mr. Harman received me into his house, and kindly supplied all my wants, I had little else to do than to veer from project to project, and to dream, as usual, that I should one day become a very great man.

I have since seen much of the world, and it is my real and sincere opinion, that the happiest life is the one which is thus shifting from vision to vision, and from prospect to prospect. The fate of man, according to Pope, is, that he never is, but always to be blessed. What happiness, therefore, is equal to that of the man who passes all his days in the midst of hope, who flies from the gloomy certainty of nature, and only plays so much of every game as promises him, at least, an interesting result! Such was my happy condition in Corsica; and the event corresponded with my hopes. My first employment was in the department of state, under the immediate eye of Sir Frederick North. The facility of my pen, and the

versatility of attainments I there displayed, attracted his regard, and he removed me to the important office of inspector general of accounts, an appointment worth seven hundred pounds per annum, and entitling me to that very rank in life which I had ever been so solicitous to assume.

In this instance, I believe the reader will allow, fortune seemed to have smiled upon me with an unceasing complacency; but as that vaccillating goddess is too frequently known to be most wily when she is most pleasing, and to make an apparent benefit the organ of final ruin, it may come within the arithmetic of chance, that I might have been raised thus higher than ever I had been raised, merely that my eventual fall should be the mightier, and the more deplorable.

When we see the limits of evil, we immediately see that it loses a great deal in our imagination. Men easily bear imprisonment, poverty, sickness, and even degrees of pain; but the obscure despair

whose object we know not, is blacker than the grave, and more terrible than death, and to plunge from it, men often commit suicide.

This obscure despair was the precise power that domineered over me immediately after my appointment of inspector general of accounts. I had scarcely been installed in my superb office, before it was whispered abroad that Corsica would be abandoned by the English, and that of all our gaudy establishments, and splendid views, nothing would remain but the bleeding memory, and blasted hopes. With our daily load of motley misery, what imperial reptiles we are, what inflated triflers! If I may form an opinion from the sensations I experienced at the apprehension of the ruin of our government in Corsica, I may antedate the close of my existence ten years, from the irruption my agonies had made upon my nature.

The reports of our abdication gained

ground daily, and I now arrived at that summit of woe, when the judgment is so stunned by the continued blows of terror, and so confounded with apprehended evils, which the imagination first suggests to the understanding, and then embodies for its own particular annoyance, that the faculties of thought become partially suspended, and the mind, in this state of brutal stupor, receives the shock of the real and great evil with more apparent fortitude than it did the confused reports, by which it was originally announced. To be brief, the repeated rumours of our fall, raised up such a tempest in our government, that when the king's instructions arrived to abandon the island of Corsica and its dependencies in the space of four-and-twenty hours, we were less apprehensive of the wreck, than studious how to gild our future wayward path with gold.

What an issue! What a consequence! Most assuredly, official presumption could

not have been more fully abased. The murmur of amazement among our friends, the tittering of suppressed laughter among those who might be expected to triumph in our local ruin—these were the greetings which it was natural to expect on our return to our native country. For myself, more engaged in the conflict of present exigencies than in remote obstructions, I made the best of my way to Leghorn, and once again threw myself upon the protection of my worthy friend Mr. Udney. Nor was I deceived either in his wisdom or generosity. It was his advice that I should return to England by the way of Genoa, Turin, Lausanne, Basle, Frankfort, Hanover, and Hamburgh; that is, to arrive as soon as possible, and present a memorial to the minister for another official situation, previously to the return of all the numerous claimants from Corsica, who, no doubt, would annoy him by their clamours for individual place and public bread.

This advice was too sound to be neglected, and as my own feeble means were amply assisted by the open purse of the liberal consul, I immediately commenced this very extensive journey, and entered Switzerland by the way of the grand St. Bernard, without any occurrence worthy of note. On arriving at Lausanne, however, and putting up at the *lion d'or*, a circumstance occurred, which I must of necessity relate. I supped at a *table d'hote*, and there were several persons present of different languages and nations. Among the rest was a young Englishman of a very prepossessing appearance, much modesty of expression, and yet much brilliancy in colloquial conversation. His dress was mean, and bespoke a person of much distress, or recent persecution. This was literally the case. He was a scholar of Douay; had but just escaped from France, and was waiting at Lausanne for remittances, which he had written to obtain from England.

But the time calculated to bring the wished-for answer had elapsed; and, at the period of my seeing him, he was on the eve of abandoning himself to an excess of desperation and despair, which promised to end in a life of ruin or remorse.

Notwithstanding the propriety of my immediate return to England, I resolved to make a short stay in Switzerland. The best apology for this predilection is, that it was the scene of my puerile passion for the interesting Seline; where I vegetated from youth to manhood. The veneration we entertain for that hamlet, or even for that tree, which we imagine, as a Hamadryad, has witnessed the pleasures of our probation, is delightful, but irreconcilable to mature thinking. In my excursions to these scenes I was accompanied by this young unfortunate Englishman, whose name was Maunde. This afforded me an opportunity of forming an opinion of his character. His

education was highly finished; and his powers of associating thought and judgment were admirable. He was ever patient under the solution of a problem, when he considered that solution necessary to his pride. He could, at one flight, descend from the heights of Parnassus, where his poetical imagination commonly resided; and when he thought proper to ruminate, the intricate calculations of algebra were quickly unknotted by a perception, wonderfully operative to the accomplishment of a scholar's desire. The attic serpent unfolded itself upon demand, and writhed beneath the beam of his mind.

I, who had ever been indiscriminately prodigal, would have scorned to have left such a youth in distress; yet I was now reduced to a situation that made it dangerous even to be morally generous. I had sufficient funds to reach England alone in the public stages, but they would not extend to the expenses of another

person. What was to be done in this emergency? I proposed to share my purse with Mr. Maunde, and instead of riding singly, offered to perform this great and extensive journey on foot, in his company. With gratitude he accepted my offer: immediately we equipped ourselves as pedestrians, and with much courage and confidence commenced an expedition of eight hundred miles or more. This journey was delightful as eventful. We were now the happy inmates of a cottage, and now the favoured guests of a prince's palace. Full often have we wandered over the various cities on our route, when the cares of the plebeian were hushed in sleep. Full often have we heard the chimes of midnight, and rambled into every place of nocturnal resort, not for the purpose of partaking in the debaucheries, but to observe the varied orders and desires of mankind. Were I to attempt a description of this journey, the memoirs of my

life would extend to an inordinate length. I must wind it suddenly up, by stating that after having visited the army of the Prince de Condé, on the Upper Rhine, we descended the right bank of that sumptuous river, to Manheim; thence to Frankfort, Hesse Cassel, Hanover, and finally to Hamburgh, where we embarked for England, and arrived after a lapse of sixty days, which had been occupied in travelling at my expense.

Mr. Maunde and I now separated; he to see his friends in Monmouthshire; I to proceed to London, and supplicate the minister for bread. Ten years after this period, I met Mr. Maunde in Covent Garden. He was become a rich banker, I—a poor poet. He affected not to know me!! I awoke him to recollection, however, before I parted with him. To the speculative portion of society it must administer infinite humiliation, when they ruminate upon the progress of a man who has sufficient attraction to lead

the humane astray, but not proportionate rectitude to keep the throne of virtue in view. Ingratitude has ever appeared in my opinion to have been sent among us, when the Omnipotent, in an hour of anger, resolved to circumscribe the felicity of humanity.

CHAP. II.

The disappointed Traveller repairs to Downing Street, and hangs about the Mansion of Mr. Pitt.—Libels him, because he remains insensible to his Situation and Worth.—He again meets with Sir Frederick North.—Is released from pecuniary Difficulties.—Meets with the Honourable Cochrane Johnstone.—Accompanies him to Holland.

THE obscure unknown good, that mortals seek with so much anxiety, is more fascinating than every joy and every good besides. It is the love-sick wish that brightens hope, the search of which makes us pass resolutely through all the evils of life. It is the load-stone to which the soul for ever tends, and ardently looks as to the seat of ultimate rest.

But this obscure good is of a very fugitive nature. The curious eye with

eagerness pursues it: with surprise it is seen at every turn, yet it is never overtaken. It is a waving flame, that, like the reflection of the sun from water, never settles. Versatile as it is, however, its particular province is to take the passions under its charge and direction, and turn them into a kind of artillery, destructive only to the possessors of them.

I had no other object in coming to London than the pursuit of preferment. This was the visionary good alluded to above. Considering Downing Street its habitation, and Mr. Pitt its exclusive proprietor, I haunted that person and place every day after my return to town. But the countenance of Mr. Pitt was the very palace in which I presumed it took up its residence, after I had presented to him my memorials founded upon my Corsican claims.

The first was unanswered; my second was rejected by the porter; and when I called with a third, myself, the door was

shut in my face. I left the street with an indignation not to be expressed, and sought consolation in giving vent to these opinions of this great and prosperous man. "From the well-known care," thought I, "which his superb father took of his education, it may be presumed that his passions were manacled from his birth; and the volition of the youth made subordinate to the interests of prudence: his juvenility was untainted by excess, and he journeyed from the fostering wing of parental solicitude to the first chair in the Exchequer, unvisited by calamity, and unsullied by guilt.

"How piteously," continued I, smarting under disappointment, "must the God of nature regard the air-blown bubbles of ambition in the present day, so fatal to the glory of society, and the obligations of morality, when the possession of the first virtues, or the practice of the first talents, cannot promote our fortune, or strengthen our respectability! Who will

give a laurel to the meritorious, or a vestment to defend purity from the inclement visitation of the elements? The reply engenders horror.—None.—Every thing is absorbed in the gulph of contamination; and even Mr. Pitt has apparently as little respect for individual worth, unconnected with influence, as the vilest of his predecessors. It is to be seriously regretted in him, as in his compeers, that sublime merit has no claim upon his attention. The children of philosophy hang about his mansion, till the insolence of official meanness drives them hungry from his gates, and transcendent genius is contemplated by power in the bleak recesses of famine, as the north wind seeks the hyacinth in the desert, to bend its beauteous form with the pressure of might, not to transplant it to a more genial soil." Having uttered this tirade, I abandoned the pursuit of the unknown good.

There is an original particle, or an

original bias in the composition of all human beings, which operates to the founding of a peculiar disposition; and this governing something, though it may be meliorated, cannot be subdued. The powers of custom may possibly suspend the truth, but eventually the mind will recover its native hue, and the earliest principle of action destroy the usurpations of art.

I became a soldier from disposition in the early part of my life; it was not, therefore, with a confirmed regret that I abandoned Downing Street to the idols of power, and began to dream once more of those laurels which decorate the field of Mars. For a short time, notwithstanding, I abandoned myself to all the rigours of disappointed ambition; and when I appeared most calm I wore a vizor through society, and apparently rejoiced at events I secretly bemoaned. What a falling off was there in my situation! How great was the declen-

sion of my dignity! In Corsica, a civil officer of high rank—in London, little better than a beggar in the streets.

When I first discovered the extent of my misery, my fury had no bounds, as may be seen from the phillippic I uttered against Mr. Pitt. Indeed, my rage was so marked and ruinous, that I am inclined to imagine my mother conceived me during a tempest, dreaming of a thunderbolt, and not the ordinary agency, and that my elements were disjointed by the genius of the storm. My infirmities, too, comprehended so much of human degradation, that I cannot indite my general errors without a tear. Being what I am, I wish I had never been!—I had ingenuity at the time I allude to, but, I affirm it with shame, I had but little judgment. I was altogether unable to distinguish, and hoped to atone for my paucity of dicrimination by a profusion of words. My imagination was so richly fraught with flowers, as

to envelope the snake it nourished and disguised.

Having made the above confessions, why should I any longer deceive the reader? The truth then is—I came to the knowledge that the style and spirit of my memorials had given offence to the minister, and that unless I was to make a literary and political recantation, there was no probability of my ever being favourably received by him. I obtained this information from Sir Frederick North, whom I had the happiness of meeting in London; and I also learned from the same honourable quarter, that my separation from the suite of Sir Gilbert Elliot, and my long-delayed journey, had been very adverse to my interests, and that if I were looked over, it was, because I did not appear with the rest.

Sir Frederick was one of the most amiable men I ever had an opportunity to survey. He removed my pecuniary

embarrassments, had the goodness to allow me to visit his house as often as I pleased, and repeatedly declared, that while he had a house and a bottle, his roof should protect me from the elements, and his beverage alleviate my thirst. About this period Sir Frederick was in expectation of going out to India—I believe to the government of Ceylon; and I would have accompanied him, but that fate prevailed over fortune, and I became a soldier by her malicious decree.

The event thus took place. In the high circle, which Sir Frederick enabled me to move in, I occasionally met all the most distinguished characters of the day. Of these, Mr. Cochrane Johnstone was not the least notorious. He was the major of the 79th regiment; a corps recently formed of raw Highlanders, and yet under orders to join Lord Mulgrave at Southampton, who was appointed to a secret and separate service on the

continent. It required much less penetration than Major Cochrane Johnstone possessed, to discover, that I was of all men in existence the most likely to render a regiment, so circumstanced as his, the most desirable and essential services. I had served abroad; I was acquainted with various languages; and I was well versed in the duties of the commissariat and quarter-master's departments.

These qualities recommended me so strongly to the favour of Major Johnstone, that he courted my acquaintance; gave me access to Hopetown House, Cavendish Square, and there made me drink so deep of the cup of illusion, that I abandoned Sir Frederick North, lost sight of the golden shores of Ceylon, and accepted the *promise* of a company in the 79th, or, Cameronians, as i was vulgarly called, out of honour to its lieutenant-colonel.—I have said, I accept-

ed the *promise* of a company, because, as the regiment was on the eve of embarking, there was no time for the regular routine of gazetting or receiving a commission. Even this promise was shackled with the condition of doing the duty of a quarter-master; for, as Mr. M'Neill, the quarter-master, knew little more than his native tongue, the Gaelic or Erse language, he was a mere cypher in his situation, and incapable of rendering the smallest service to the men he had to subsist in a foreign land.

Vague and onerous as was this undertaking, I embarked with the regiment at Southampton, and on landing at the Island of Walcheren, which was the first destination of Lord Mulgrave's expedition, I pursued my duty with all the characteristic ardour which ever impelled me forward in an ambitious project. In camp, in quarters, in batter, I maintained the men in every comfort; and acquired the reputation of being so

active and useful an officer, that no doubt existed in any mind but that I should be most peremptorily appointed to the first vacant company.

CHAP. III.

Finds Promotion in a Scotch Regiment one of the wildest of his Dreams.—Abandons the 79th.—Proceeds to Vienna.—Describes his Journey.—Is a better Man than he appears to be.—Enters Vienna with manly Firmness.—Does not supplicate, but ravishes Fortune.—Is appointed to the Regiment of Loudohn Vert.—Distinguishes himself in Battle, and is taken Prisoner.

THE happiest hours of life are those which pass in the commencement of a new project. The mind is then on the alert: it flies forwards, and makes consequences for itself. How happy would be the lot of man, if reality did not so frequently dispel all the delusions of hope!

But imagination is one thing, and nature another. The former, according to the poet, flies on the wings of the morning, amd loses herself in the gay

creation; the other is bound down by an iron necessity. There are certain laws which she must obey, and certain limits, beyond which she cannot pass. My Scotch patronage scheme answered as little as my former speculations. Major Johnstone was almost immediately removed from the 79th to a West Indian regiment; he, therefore, lost sight of me and his promises altogether; and as to Colonel Cameron, had he possessed the power of appointing to the vacancies of the whole army, he still could not have provided for the numerous hosts of friends and relations, who followed him clamouring for bread.

Colonel Cameron was not only at the head of a most extensive family, but he was the chief of the Cameron clan; a tribe more numerous than Levi's, and equally on the road to the promised land. Of the officers of the regiment, twelve were the sons, legitimate and illegitimate, of the colonel; and of the

volunteers and men there were not less than two hundred whose names were for promotion, previously to mine, in his port-folio, or memorandum books. To look up for patronage, or to look down with scorn on a man so situated, would be the height of a folly, or a madness, I should have blushed to have been guilty of. But I should have blushed equally if I had remained an hour longer with the regiment, after I came to the full conviction that my expected promotion was no more than a vision, and that I was considered in no other light than an enthusiastic knight-errant, or a dupe.

Having communicated my sentiments to Colonel Cameron, and taken my leave of him, as well as of many officers whom I both served and esteemed, I cast myself on the wide world, and was so destitute of a plan of procedure, that I remained for some time with folded arms, meditating to what point of the compass I

should turn my wayward steps. I at length determined on going to Amsterdam. On my arrival there, I soon became sensible of the wretchedness of my condition. Without friends, without profession, and with contracted means, what was I to do in Holland? or where else was I likely to succeed? This reflection, for a short time, made me give myself up to melancholy, as to a pleasure: an error which I soon saw the necessity of shaking off. It is one that no unfortunate man should ever be tempted to commit. It is a vice which creeps till it gets full possession of all our faculties, when it benumbs every thing good in us, and leaves us nothing but the frame of man.

On recovering from this intoxication, which at once destroys both body and mind, I struck out a new and gigantic project, which I pursued with a zest, and an excess of vigorous enterprise, that would have done honour to any man in

the conduct of another cause. This project was to proceed to Vienna, solicit preferment under the Austrian flag, distinguish myself in acts of heroism and gallantry, and then, with blushing honours around me, repair to the residence of the lovely Angelica, and make her a final tender of my hand. I put this project in immediate operation, and was happy as long as I dreamed that it would be crowned with ultimate success. It is, indeed, truly astonishing, how great was my pursuit, how contracted my means, how various my calculations, how infinite my contrivances.

Having made out my route by Nimeguen, Bonne, Coblentz, Mentz, Frankfort, Nurembergh, Ratisbon, Passau, and Lintz, to Vienna, I resolved to travel on foot, and never to deviate a single point from the original design. After having travelled all day, I repaired to some little inn, and to my pillow. I felt the full relish of my cessation from

labour; and my rest was rendered sweet to me by my previous fatigue. I rose in the morning to renew my journey; and travelling, even on foot, became an enjoyment to me, both in itself, as well as the degree in which it contributed to my great design, and to my removal from my late scene of Scotch patronage and visionary domination.

When in the height of this journey, my fondest reflections were on the interesting Angelica. To merit her hand, to be acknowledged by her as a friend, was to be elevated above the frowns of fortune and the cabals of envy. Indeed, what course of human events can deserve the sacred name of friendship, equally with those which originate in, and are sustained by a female mind? The unworthy conflicts, in which man is involved, deny him the opportunity to obey the fair impulse of unadulterated nature. His heart is narrowed by the pressure of ungenial policy, keeping watch at its

portal to interrogate sensations, which were intended to rush in unquestioned and unchecked. Thus are its chambers pre-occupied by meanness, and it has not room left for the admission of the larger and nobler emotions which should make it expand with delight on the communication of bliss to others. But the power of doing good with grace is confined to the feminine world. The favours of a lady are administered like wine to the thirsty, the benefactions of a man like embittered water; and though each may contribute to the purposes of upholding health as a beverage, the first is accompanied by an indiscribable zeal, with which the latter is wholly unmingled. These consolations and prospects were my companions, as I entered, for the first time, the imperial city of Vienna.

Grandeur of thought strikes us irresistibly with surprise and delight. Visible objects of grandeur have a similar effect. A large river that throws itself down a

precipice with increasing violence, and thunder preceded by lightning, never fail to raise a pleasing astonishment in the beholders.

A summer's evening sky cast over with lofty and irregular clouds, dipped in purple and gold, the ocean in storms, and a broken prospect of rocks and mountains irregularly piled, affect the mind in the same manner. But of all the objects of surprise and delight, no other is so magnificent as a constellation of extraordinary men shining at the same period, and owing much of their lustre to a personal contest of glory in fighting for the best interests of their country.

The constellations of extraordinary personages, who appeared in Vienna at the period of my arrival, were not only objects of my astonishment and admiration, but they quickened my own ardour, by proving to me that the rivalship of great examples, and the actual view to the gates of glory and fame, are

of themselves sufficient to lift an aspiring, though poor man, out of the depths of oblivion and barbarity.

The manly firmness of my own mind, which I preserved without contamination, even in my struggles to reach Vienna, solitary, unaided, and unknown, was considerably strengthened by the example of Marshal Lacy, Generals Burke, Nugent, Dalton, Macdonald, and Browne, all countrymen of mine, who had risen in the Austrian service by the mere force of merit. Looking up to them, I seemed to disdain the ordinary methods that are used by the vulgar, in climbing the stupendous mountain of ambition. I left the zig-zag paths which cold policy had artfully made for men, whose spirits were enervated by caution, and fettered by custom.

Impelled by a resistless vigour, I rushed immediately to the summit of my desires, in despite of all those accumulated difficulties with which art and nature

had barred the avenues of glory. I did not supplicate, but ravished fortune. Strengthened in my movements by an inward conviction of my own importance as a soldier, I hurried to the altars of fortune, sacrificed and claimed her best bounties, unmindful of the murmurings of the powerful priesthood, who at all hours surrounded the basis of her resplendent fane.

To be more explicit, Marshal Lacy, General Browne, and others of my countrymen, to whom my situation and views were made known, immediately removed from me every pecuniary difficulty, and recommended me so strongly to the Arch-Duke Charles, that, without hesitation, he appointed me to a company in one of his most favourite regiments, called the Loudohn Vert. There is no expression, in the contracted sphere of my intelligence, to denote the ideas of the nature of that pleasure, which existed in my breast at the time I joined my regiment

in the Tyrol, and saw the portals of honour open, as those of distress were shut upon me. I took a retrospective view of my existence, and directed my prayers for pardon of those actions in which my turpitude had been the most offensive. I pondered upon the reprobation of my life. My mind particularly dwelt on the unfortunate Melanie and the deserted Seline. On the lovely Angelica I reflected with different feelings. I wrote to her, as I often did, and told her I was determined to bleed in her defence, both in person and sentiment, till I rose to a majority, and became entitled to the solicitation of her hand. In this manner, and particularly before an expected battle, did I lull the fears and anxieties of the moment into an ignorance of the danger that was likely to produce them.

Nor was that day far distant. At the period I allude to, when every monarch in Europe was trembling upon his fragile throne, a martial and eccentric luminary

burst forth in the political hemisphere, which, like the star in Bethlehem, cheered every gazer—the common denomination of this saviour of nations is Buonaparte. Let it suffice to aver, that he eclipses all former preceding heroes, from Charlemagne to Count Saxe. Belianis of Greece or Amadis de Gaul, were not fit to be his corporals. Joan la Pucelle would struggle from her sepulchre to wash his linen, and Boadicea to make his bed. Wherever he treads, he blesses; looks, illumines; or speaks, gladdens. The Danube and the Rhine, the Tagus and the Ebro, tremble when he is buoyant on their waves. The old mingle him in their orisons, and the young essay to lisp his name before that of the Hosanna. He removes the antipathies of empires, and is more dreaded by the Austrian armies than Malbrook was by the former French. He was perfumed by Zephyrus upon the couch of the graces, and caught his governing axioms from the whispers

of the Delphic God. He is a voluptuary, yet rational; and a hero, yet emaculate. The broad beams of glory circumvolve and brighten his capacious head. He commands Eolus and the breezes. He can amplify at will like a fog, and communicate with the third heaven. It is presumed that he will equal omnipotence, by gathering the waters of the Atlantic in the hollow of his hand, to deluge the perturbed hosts of England and her allies. He can breathe upon the Baltic, and thaw coagulation, or refreeze the billows, by the severe morality of his sentiment. He can teach Fame a deeper note for his clarion, than echo ever knew. He can disorganize the zodiac, and unhinge creation from the hooks of space. Tartarus is convulsed when he stamps, and the hell-born fly about in dismay.

But the real character of this extraordinary man is now known, and I only write this hyperbolical nonsense in the

present tense, to shew the puerile delusion of the times—for such was the language of the day; and to such language is to be attributed the various defeats which the Austrians sustained since the battle of Lodi, and the treachery of General Mack. To this enthusiastic opinion of the enemy, also, was it owing, that, in a battle in which my regiment led the Austrian advance, we were suddenly abandoned by the rest of our army, and tamely left, after a bloody and vain resistance on our parts, to be taken prisoners, and sent manacled into the heart of France. Just heaven! Who can deny me the genial emotions of sympathy? What a situation of superlative distress! What a retrograde motion from the heights of ambition to the depths of despair! I was penetrated with affection and indignation, when surveying those political mazes into which my ambition had seduced me. "I would sooner be a toad," exclaimed I, in the agony of disappoint-

ment and distress, "and live upon the vapours of a dungeon. Alas! to what a situation am I reduced!" I, who should have been, from birth and education, entitled to every comfort and felicity, had I remained content and satisfied at home, was likely to breathe my final sigh manacled upon a foreign soil, insensible to the solacements of hope, and with an understanding deadened by repeated falls, and supreme afflictions.

CHAP. IV.

He forms a bold Plan for the Recovery of his Liberty from a French Prison.—Enters the French Service, and deserts.—Finds himself free to dream of some other Pursuit.—Returning to London, experiences the Vicissitude of Shipwreck.—Arrives in a low and dejected State.—Meets a Friend, who strews his wayward Path with Gold.

THERE is a fine, but an ineffectual light in the breasts of all men. After nightfall we have admired the planet Venus. The beauty and vivacity of her lustre, the immense distance from which we judged her beams issued, and the silence of the night, all concurred to strike us with an agreeable amazement. But she shone in undistinguished beauty, without giving sufficient light to direct our steps, or shew us the objects around us.

Thus, in visionary nature, the light of

the mind is bright and useless. In utter slavery, our prospect of it is still less fixed; it appears, and then again seems wholly to vanish in the bondsman's breast; like the same planet Venus, when she has but just raised her orient beams to mariners above the waves, and is now descried, and now lost through the swelling billows.

The light of the mind had a similar influence over me both as a visionary enthusiast and as a confined soldier. In either situation I saw nothing clearly; I did nothing wisely. I was allowed to have the talents necessary for a great man, but not the ability necessary for a wise one. My fancy was too unqualified and too unrestricted for the purposes of serious transactions; and before I attempted to analyze a subject near my heart, I should have read a problem in Euclid, to damp the fervour of my mind. If this was my character in freedom, in slavery it was worse. All the force of language re-

solves into faintness, when my mind, in the plenitude of its indignation, grapples at the power to depict what it felt, at the moment that I thought and exclaimed in France—"The curse never fell upon me 'till now!" At one time the madness of my disappointments hurried me into the contemplation of measures which could not be accomplished, or defended by any argument compatible with politics and morality. I imprecated where I should have conciliated and convinced; at another time, I was fallen, sullen, and contemptible; but at length I began to wince under French oppression, and to form a bold, but prudent plan, for the recovery of my liberty, and the re-establishment of my fallen name.

That plan, and those determinations, were greatly facilitated by the favourable opinion which both the French people, and my fellow prisoners, in general, had the goodness to entertain of me. I had acquired a happy method of giving con-

venient value to unsubstantial remarks, by a turn of countenance, which impressed my auditors more deeply with a notion that what I advanced was immediately the argument of expedience, than either the letter of my eloquence, or the beauties of my diction. Besides, after the novitiate of my mortification, my career was marked by pleasure and dissipation. I lounged away my hours with the French in their walks and coffee-houses. Venus and Bacchus contended for the usurpation of my faculties, and what I now am, seemed then, like the predictions of the Cumæan Sybil, out of the circle of possibility. But the whole was to have this good effect: I was to be indebted for my freedom to the apparent wild irregularities of my disposition; and those propensities, that would have proved destructive to any other man, were to be essentially serviceable to me. They threw suspicion off its guard, and enabled me to act altogether like a

saturnine delegate of fate—obedient to no master but my will, and no impulse but my passions.

Having established this supremacy, and laid the grand corner-stone of my emancipation, I associated a bold and enterprising fellow prisoner with me in my design, and he was of opinion with me that my scheme was not impracticable. It was this—to profess a great esteem for the French people, as well as an unbounded admiration of Buonaparte, and to make a tender of our services to fight against the enemies of his country.—Knowing that this would give us an opportunity of deserting his colours, and assuming our own, we hastened to put our plan into operation, and had the great happiness to see it crowned with the utmost success. The prefect readily closed with our offers, and sent us off with a legion of conscripts to the north side of the Rhine, from which we had no difficulty in making our final escape, and exchang-

ing the livery of falsehood for the honest garb of loyalty and truth.

The world admires the noble idea of human nature, without considering that it is deceitful and false, and that man is by nature a vicious and miserable being, doomed to subjection, sufferings, ignominy, and reproach.

Let us follow the patriot hero, who has rescued his country from slavery, surrounded with immortal glory and covered with laurels; let us look upon him in the hour of defeat, oppressed with calamity, or aghast and panting under the stroke of the conqueror, and ask ourselves, is this the end of glory?

But we should not be cast down. Life is short and fleeting, is fated to insult and distress by a hand we cannot resist: and, indeed, seeing that eternity lies before us, it is very happy for us that it is not the present world in which our curiosity is to be gratified. The state in which I found the Austrian army, after my deser-

tion from the French, brought on these reflections. I shall explain that state.

The Austrian troops were surrounded by a novel and most tremendous peril: most tremendous because its novelty too much surprised, and its terror too much alarmed. The sword and sceptre of Europe appeared in one hand. Hosts more numerous than the crusaders; an empire more powerful than the Roman; talents and force, such as never before were united—all associated against Prince Charles.

The boundaries, the thrones, the laws of nations were all changed, and still all changing, while every change was intended for the ruin of the Austrians. This was not their crime; but it was their crime, their folly, and their danger to suppose, as they did, that their enemy was assisted by supernatural force, and that it was proper they should fly before his terrible ascendency, rather than be trampled beneath his feet.

Finding the Austrians thus circum-

stanced, and the regiment to which I belonged several hundred miles on their retreat; dreading also, above all things, the cruel idea of falling into the hands of the French, whom I had so lately deceived, I suddenly took the road to Bremen, and there, through the assistance of a Mr. Carpsaw, who was acting as British consul, embarked once more for England, but without knowing for what purpose, or in what manner I was in future to sustain my wretched life.

My passage from Bremen to London was a very dangerous one. The winter had set in, the weather was unfavourable, the snow fell fast, and a tempestuous wind hurled the vessel along, mocking the skill and calculations of the captain. The night set in dark, the ship struck upon a sand-bank, the passengers and crew gave up all hopes of their existence: the whole scene was a continued series of wild consternation, affliction, and distress. To a being driven about as

I had been by misfortune, I am free to confess that my dormant faculties were scarcely awakened: I remained in my cot, shrunk, cold, and insensible. From the beginning of the storm I cherished the idea of perishing by its force. I was a disappointed, disgraced man; I had no motive to wish for living. I waited the approaching catastrophe without any fluctuation of sentiment. I was even restrained, by the desire of death, to make any efforts to repel its advances. While others were uttering screams of anguish, and giving free scope to their terrified sensations, I felt a cheerful equanimity, a sacred serenity, as though a total stupefaction had rendered me incapable of observing what was passing around me.

The morning, however, dawned before the vessel went to pieces; I then ascended the gangway, and beheld a sight that baffles all description. The sea was beating over the ship; the crew clinging to the shrouds; the passengers, amid

sobs and sighs, incessantly imploring the protection of Heaven, and manifesting, in the midst of misery and despair, the most invincible solicitude to remain in this frightful and troublesome world.

While this spectacle was operating with the greatest violence on the passengers and crew, the wind suddenly shifted, and the vessel swang round into deep water. The only damage she sustained was to be rendered extremely leaky; but her swinging off, and answering her helm, had transfused new life into all, and supplied every nerve with such energy, that they continued at the pumps, and kept the vessel afloat until we were boarded by the Deal pilot boats, and safely towed into harbour. Thus was my life preserved at a time when I thought it least worth enjoying. In truth, what enjoyment remained for me? I had been long absent from England. I had no acquaintance, no friend, no funds, no regular business, no profession to pursue. Never

was human being more solitary and forlorn than was I after my escape from the horrors of the storm. For the first time, I resigned myself a prey to grief, and had it been possible for despair and distress to have burst the bonds which attached me to life, I should, on the day of my landing, have been released from my misery.

As I passed along, pondering on some measure proper to be pursued, I was startled by the appearance of a gentleman, who addressed me in a friendly tone, enquiring how I did, and what brought me to that part of the world. To one in my deserted circumstances, the tone of kindness was a cordial. These were the first words, sweetened by humanity, that any countryman of mine had spoken to me for several years. He took me by the hand. I recognized in him my old patron and friend Mr. Forbes, of the Board of Education, and whose name I have mentioned with respect in the

early part of these Memoirs. I grasped his hand as he presented it to me: my heart was ready to burst; my dormant sensibilities were awakened; my looks were expressive of hope and consolation; I felt that I might again rejoice in the nature and condition of my being.

CHAP. V.

His Friend, Mr. Forbes, improves his Circumstances.—Recovers his Half-Pay as Ensign of the 83rd.—Repairs to the Isle of Man.—Passes through various Scenes.—Teaches and Writes for Bread.—Enters the Naval Service.—Has a Dispute with a superior Officer.—Compels him to fight.—Wounds him, and flies.

THAT share of reputation, derived from a connexion with an exalted character, though often honourable, is seldom lasting; for it depends on such a concatenation of circumstances, and such a variety of incidents, as are liable to variation in every passing hour.

It is also peculiarly endangered by its exposing to a rigid examination talents, perhaps not the most brilliant, and abilities not the most splendid, that have for a time shone in the political hemisphere, irradiated by the beams of a great lumi-

nary, which now withdraws its light. Far from being enumerated among the planets, they scarcely serve to brighten the galaxy. To admire and reverence superior merit, is not indeed the lowest degree of praise, as it argues rectitude of judgment, and fairness of mind: to second and support it calls for still more; and to imitate, at however humble a distance, its noble exertions, secures the seal of public approbation to such laudable efforts. Thus, while a respected name proudly sails down the tide of popularity, and gathers all its fame, the attendant skiff of its follower pursues the triumph, and partakes the gale.

From the very outset of my meeting with Mr. Forbes at Deal, I attached myself to him, and accompanied him to London, where I acquired some fame by labouring assiduously for the cause in which he had engaged me to write, and which he himself invariably pursued—the promotion of the dignity and prosperity of

Ireland. But, as I have said, the share of reputation, derived from a connexion with an exalted character, is seldom lasting. Being emancipated from the slavery of distress, I recovered my usual independence of mind. My patron objected to the style of a paper composed under his instructions for the press. I revolted at, and combated the criticism: he became impetuous: I cast the paper into the fire, and walked directly out of the house.

My circumstances at this time were considerably improved. While acting with Mr. Forbes, I lived at his expense, and I recovered, through his means, my half-pay of the 83rd regiment, which had been embargoed by order of the Duke of York, in consequence of a charge preferred against me by Colonel Courtenay, for a deficiency in my accounts, incurred at the time I recruited for him in Wales. Possessing now my half-pay, clear of all embarrassment, and the accumulated pay of five years, or one hundred and fifty pounds

in hand, I formed the resolution of retiring to some cheap place, and of living independent of the world, on my own contracted means. I chose the Isle of Man; but so little did this project succeed, that I spent nearly all my ready money, and was considerably in debt in the course of two years. To meet this exigency, and to release me from the island, I composed a little romance, entitled, "the Manks Monastery; or Memoirs of Belville and Julia." I dedicated it to Mr. Taubman; and, as it was framed on a local subject, it had the effect I desired. It raised sufficient funds to send me off the island, and commence some less romantic pursuit.

Like many other men, bankrupt in business and in fame, I now resolved to become schoolmaster, and to rise to reputation, if not to glory, by a power I had never tried before. I gave this profession a considerable trial. I established schools at Coventry, at Fakenham in Norfolk, and at Hammersmith, near town. At the

opening of each, I thought I was offered subjects for devout meditation and ceaseless gratitude. "Here," I was used to say, "I shall learn the important lesson, that the true relish of life is independent of situation, or any outward appearance; and here I may learn that the heart-felt and most sincere pleasures, those that arise from affection or from religion, from useful occupations, and useful knowledge, lie within my reach, and are attainable without the gold of the wealthy, the pomp of the powerful, or the titles of the noble. Here, I may be assured, that neither extravagance nor dissipation; neither change of place nor variety of objects, are essential to my well-being; and that if I cannot find uninterrupted enjoyment in my present state, I may be confident that my best endeavours to perform my duties will be rewarded hereafter in a world of the purest and most lasting bliss."

My course of instruction was of a piece with all my former ideas. Convinced

that taste and sentiment lie deep in the mind, often incorporated with prejudices, I exerted my utmost judgment to bring the beauteous ore to light, and to refine it. I did not impose heavy classical tasks upon my pupils, because I was aware that learning, in much the greater part of mankind, distorts the genius as much as burdens do the body. It oppresses the natural seeds of propriety and beauty in the imagination, and renders youth incapable of writing, speaking, or thinking well. I was governed by this principle, drawn from experience. When we except a few men of distinguished talents, ladies both write and speak much more agreeably than academicians. If we ask the reason of this, we shall be informed that the easy and natural excursions of the imagination are seldom checked in ladies; while the enslaved pupils of colleges and schools, in tender youth, are forced into awkward imitations, or dreary ungrateful tracts, where genius or beauty were never seen.

The manner I pursued, was to teach by such familiar books and conversations as were natural for youth to be engaged in; by which means, instead of forcing a nauseous draught of learning upon them, their genius was charmed forth by curiosity and emulation. The latent powers of the mind were gently unbound: the generous ardour and pleasure, that ran originally through their enquiries, gave a warmth, a genuine turn, and natural beauty to their ideas. Can there be a stronger proof that learning has taken a wrong bias, than that the present common sense of mankind has judged learning in conversation to be pedantic and ill-bred? Whereas the soul has a thirst for knowledge, which no mode of education can take away; and it is no more in the power of fashion to eradicate the charms and desires of curiosity, than the sense of beauty.

There is a truth, which also governed me in my scholastic undertakings, and which I would strongly inculcate; it is, that most people have far more light,

judgment, and genius, latent within their breasts, than they are able to draw forth or employ; that the utmost skill and address are requisite to tune those fine springs of the soul, if I may so call them, and bring into execution the harmony they are capable of; and that the perfection of those powers, whatever they may be, is the highest degree of improvement to which any person can attain. The consequence, however, of my new theory and practice was that the parents and friends of my pupils regarded me as an eccentric man; nor was I ever afforded an opportunity of maintaining a school more than six or nine months in one place.

I now abandoned literature and the fine arts. I was, nevertheless, convinced that they bear a relation to a state in which I was not at the time. I saw plainly, although that state was surrounded with clouds, which denied a clear view of it, that it is one of great pleasure and enjoyment, and that literature and instruction

are indubitable proofs of the unspeakable sublimity of the spirit of man. Upon the whole the experience I had gained of tuition was great; but it also was melancholy and terrible. I found it engaging, and I quitted it with reluctance. I was like Adam, taking his last leave of the Garden of Eden, with the whole world in prospect before him, and Heaven in his hope. However unbounded his new inheritance, and noble the promises he received, yet he could not forbear looking back with a sigh, and feeling a secret inclination to return.

Men are very often hurried on by the violence of the passions, without seeing their ends, or suffering themselves to take a view of the landing-place to which they tend; and reason, that eternal volunteer in the service of the passions, only serves to find pretences and excuses, to justify the inclinations.

Shocked at the past, disgusted at the present, and dreading to contemplate the

future, I knew not which way to turn, or to what class of men to look for society and encouragement, after the entire abandonment of my civil, military, and scholastic pursuits. In this dilemma, and having really no proper choice, every profession being equally difficult, and consequently indifferent, I formed an opinion, that the causes of my failure in all my former undertakings, were, because the sea service was the particular sphere in which my talents and capacities were specifically calculated to shine.

Pregnant with this impression, I repaired to Plymouth, and without much difficulty was received on board the Colossus, an old seventy-four gun ship, commanded by captain, now Admiral Grindall. He had the goodness to rate me as a midshipman, and to shew me so many kind attentions, that I am convinced he is as liberal and humane, as gallant and brave. I had not entered this service long, before we were ordered on a cruize

of three months along the coast of France. My ardent attention was soon rewarded by the attainment of some nautical dexterity, and I have no hesitation in declaring that I believe I should have attained considerable distinction in the navy, had it not been for an untoward circumstance which I shall here relate. During the cruize, I received from Mr. Mitchell, the third lieutenant, the most studied insults and contumelious conduct. This I dared not resent while on board; and to represent the grievance to Captain Grindall did not accord with the convulsed state of my mind.

It was not, therefore, till the expiration of our cruize, and our arrival at Plymouth, that I was able to call my oppressor to a proper account; and knowing that he would treat a challenge from me with contempt, I called him to account in a manner that was certain to confound and chastise him. He had friends at Saltash, to whom he went on a visit. I

followed him, provided with a case of pistols. I watched all his movements, and finding him in a lonely walk, at an early hour of the morning, I advanced silently to him, and ordered him to make choice of one of my pistols. He did not, indeed, reject the pistol, but, on seizing hold of it, he fired it directly against my head, his shot long anticipating mine. It cut away a part of my neckcloth, and even grazed the skin. I stepped ten paces from him, the distance we mutually should have chosen, and suddenly turning my head, delivered my own fire. He staggered—I partly heard, and partly saw him fall.—I fled, but my flight was sustained by fortitude, and awarded with success. I arrived safe at Bristol, and thence took a passage for Ireland, where I landed after an absence of several years, in a state of mortification and distress, dreadful to the lofty and indignant spirit with which I was originally endowed.

CHAP. VI.

He is well received by his Brother Jonathan, through whose Interest he is appointed Assistant Commissary General.—Strictures on his Campaigns.—Results and Consequences of such a War.

A CALM of mind that is seen in security, and in the enfeeblement of our passions, gives us an idea of the golden age, when human nature, adorned with innocence, and the peace that attends it, reposed in the arms of content.

This serene prospect of human nature always pleases us; and although the content, whose image it is, be visionary in this world, and we cannot arrive at it, yet it is the point in imagination we have finally in view, in all the pursuits of life, and the native home for which we do not cease to languish.

The sentiment of tranquillity was never

more enjoyed by any person than it was by me on my return to my native country, and to the affections of my elder brother, Jonathan, who received me, on my arrival in Dublin, where he was a curate, with the utmost tenderness, and without appearing either disappointed or offended at the ruin of my hopes, or the miserable condition of my wardrobe and finances. This reception lulled and composed my mind, casting over my actions that appearance of nature and truth for which it was ever my principal pride to be remarkable. In this tranquil state of mind, undisturbed by wants or fears, my views soon became generous and elevated. I disdained to live at the cost of a brother who had himself a rising family to provide for, and I anxiously sought for some situation, in which I might raise myself in the public estimation, while I, at the same time, exhibited the natural unaffected stamp of my own mind.

Nothing could be more favourable to

my purpose than the state of Ireland at the period of my return. Ten years had nearly passed since the cruelties of war had filled the world with terror and with sorrow; yet rage was not appeased, nor was strength exhausted. Of this situation all felt the misery, and all should have implored the discontinuance. But what discontinuance of misery could have been expected, when the whole system of the ruler of France was seconded by the opposition of Ireland, and when a contention of power made them determine on domestic concussions, that threatened to destroy the very fabric of the state.

This state of warfare in Ireland was greatly increased by an opinion which began to prevail in the cabinet of England, viz. that the Irish are not formed for liberty, and that it is proper they should be slaves to arbitrary power. But weak and impotent indeed are those beings who, in the sapience of their folly, can for one moment suppose any human being cre-

ated to be a slave. The Almighty has, in his infinite wisdom and mercy, made man after his own image, and has endowed him with many of his own divine attributes; he made him lord and master of the world, and every living thing therein; he made him free as the air he breathes, and amenable to no law but the awful tribunal of his God.

But those passions, which were given man for the greatest purposes, when governed by the just sway of his reason, and which were given to operate as secondary causes, and not as the first of all his actions, have been dreadfully perverted. The most lamentable consideration to a wise man is that myriads of his fellow-creatures, possessing the greatest power in themselves, yet submit to be scourged, insulted, oppressed, and even murdered, by a vile set of tyrants that are dispersed throughout the globe, and, like the hideous monsters of the forests, are incessantly "seeking whom they may devour," when

with a simple uplifture of their mighty hands they might sweep away the infernal insignia of tyranny, with all their vile myrmidons, and all their iniquity, to those regions of eternal darkness from which they derive existence.

Then indeed would the world be like a vast and beauteous garden, in which god-like man would be seen to walk erect and rear his mighty crest, unconscious of any slavish bondage. His heaven-born attributes might then fulfil the glad purposes of their divine ordinance; and while his mind was unsubdued and unoppressed by the evil machinations of his fellows, and the finer feelings of his heart uninjured by the contageous influence of vice and hypocrisy, those infectious disorders produced in society by the misapplication of human powers, he might effectually labour towards the perfection of his nature.

To abandon this digression, it was asserted by England that Ireland should be

ruled by fear; and that the liberty they boasted of would not suit a race of men who had so long worn, and been content with their fetters. Why would the liberty, which the English are said to boast of, not suit the Irish? Does government suppose, that because they have not yet known what it is to be free, they never can enjoy freedom? If it does, and I suppose it to be its reason for its conduct, it remains with a very thick mist indeed before its eyes. Enlighten the minds of these deeply injured Irish—prove to them that if they enjoy many blessings now, although supporting an enormous load of slavery, those blessings would be encreased ten-fold when their burden is removed; and it will then no longer be said that they are unfit for freedom. However, such as the Irish were at the time of my return amongst them, and such as the opinion of the English ministers was, it formed altogether an epoch the most favourable to a man of my broken fortunes.

A revolution was threatened to be produced, and no doubt remained in my mind but that I should be called into an arena, where I should be afforded another fair opportunity of combating for the honours and distinctions of public life.

All the errors, all the follies, and all the vices of mankind, arise from the darkness and chaotic state of the mind. Every human being is endowed by his creator with the capabilities of greatness, if he is willing to practise virtue, and to cultivate and exercise his talents.

These moral reflections were often dwelt upon by my brother Jonathan, but more particularly on an occasion when he desired me to accompany him on a visit to Colonel Handfield, the Irish commissary-general. "It is now full time, my dear Tom," said this good brother, as we proceeded on to the colonel's; "it is now full time to have done with visionary pursuits, and to proclaim your real value. Your situation is by no means bad. The

statute of limitation stands between you and your creditors here. Your father and mother will take you to their favour when they see you act in a manner steady and upright; and I have no fears but that I shall this day procure you a situation in the commissariat, equal to any you have hitherto held and lost. Thus you may become admired and loved, justly entitled to the future honours of the state, and a shining example to those who may hereafter fill your exalted place."

On our arrival at Kilmainham Hospital, where Colonel Handfield resided, I could perceive that he had a great esteem for my brother, and that they had previously conversed much on the subject of my appointment. The colonel, after a long conversation with me on subjects relative to public service, finally turned to my brother, and told him he should have great pleasure in receiving me into his department; that my rank at first should be that of assistant commissary-general; that as

the flame of the expected rebellion had already burst out in the north ; and as I had more experience than any of the officers he as yet possessed, he should require me to attend his office daily, and keep prepared to take the field.

I was now as happy as I possibly could desire. Before the rebellion became formidable, I had leisure for calm reflection on my past adventures and future prospects, and I began both to attribute to my own disposition, that, for which I had hitherto blamed my ill-fortune, and the unkindness of my relations; while I, at the same time, hoped that I might find means to render my present situation equal to a majority, and once more look up to the alliance of the still beloved Angelica. Dreams of military glory, and preferment earned by merit, would sometimes arise upon my imagination, but these were timely checked by my brother, whose constant advice was: " Perform the duties of your present condition, and

look forward only, with a lively faith and religious hope, to the awful moment, in which you must forfeit your very existence; that you may do so with that cheerful serenity and ardent satisfaction, which are only experienced by those who have passed a well-spent life."

The rebellion now assumed a serious appearance, and I was appointed commissary in chief to the army serving under General Needham. This service was a perilous one. We had to make our way through bogs and fastnesses, and secret paths, which were known only to the rebels, and to one or two guides, on whose fidelity, though they undertook to conduct us, we could not confidently depend. The desperate bands, whom we went to attack, knew well by what means we must approach. They lay concealed in situations the most favourable to their purpose. From the midst of thickets, and from behind trees, they discharged their vollies upon us so skilfully, and so

thick, that our ranks were thinned before we could come near to the recesses, where we expected to find them in strength.

But I will not wade through the blood of a continued rebellion and intermittent massacre, nor through recriminations nearly as odious, and retaliations quite as bloody. The hordes of petty rebels, that for twenty years, under twenty barbarous names and pretences, had harassed the land, now sunk into one great union against all civil and ecclesiastical institutions. After General Needham's army took the field, the conflagration was general. War on every side! In Ulster, a war of politics; elsewhere of bigotry. The dissenter fought; the papist massacred; the loyalist cut down both. Some provocation there might have been; much vengeance there was. But where most, if any provocation, least slaughter, no cruelty; where no previous oppression, most blood, much torture. The details of this rebellion, realizing all we read of in 1641,

I bequeath to the bigotry of both parties. Its objects, however, are interesting to the enlightened; and prized should the land be, every foot of which has been fought; fertile the country manured by the indiscriminate slaughter of her sons. The result of our campaign was important. A haughty aristocracy, and a proud people were completely vanquished, and a basis laid for an eternal union between Ireland and England.

CHAP. VII.

The Commissary gains the Esteem of the whole Army.—He acts as a Man that had Honour and Character to prize.—Deficiency in his Accounts.—Destitute of Firmness, he flies from his Department.—Laments his Destiny.—Views America as his future Lot.

THERE is no time, in which more good resolutions are formed, than when a bell has tolled out a year passed, probably, in confusion, in error, and misconduct; or, in which, if we cannot accuse ourselves of any gross impropriety, yet we have acquired an additional stock of experience, and are determined to carry it over to the new year, and remove every imperfection.

My arrival in Ireland was in the beginning of the year 1798, and I formed the best resolutions possible for the amendment and conduct of my future

life. By my good fortune as commissary I was exceedingly confirmed in every good resolution, and animated in every generous hope, which I had before conceived. I flattered myself that full success was now within my power; and looked upon myself as one that had honour and character to prize and preserve. My whole conduct took a new turn; I became incessantly bent on the duties of my department, and filled it so much to the satisfaction of the whole army, that I received the thanks of General Needham, the Marquis of Huntley, Colonel Skerrett, and the officers commanding the several régiments, which were upon my subsidiary list.

Independent of the above resolutions, I attended the army with a secret resolution to brave every danger, and though a commissary, not to return to Dublin, without achieving something which might give me distinction among the military. Hence, I always offered my

services to General Needham in the hour of danger, and acted as a supernumerary aide-de-camp in every great affair:—such as the battles of Tara, Arklow, Goree, Wexford, the White Plains, and Vinegar Hill. At Arklow it was my lot to save the life of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, who was dismounted by the pike of a rebel; and on several occasions I acted in such a manner as to have had honourable mention made of me in the general's bulletins and government gazettes.

During the course of the campaign, I often reflected deeply on my situation, and on the means to make the best of it. I was deeply affected, too, with the different kindness I had experienced, and with the severities and dangers to which I imprudently had exposed myself. I began to think still more and more how possible it might be to make myself respected and beloved in the discharge of my duties. But I cannot now express how much my

whole sentiments and character were altered for the better, by what I had already observed and undergone since my appointment to the commissariatship.

In seeking amendment, however, a very common error is, to think of doing all by one stroke, by one act of forbearance. But this is rarely successful. Whatever may be the fault to be amended, if it has been long continued, and become, in any considerable degree, a habit, it cannot be shaken off at once. The strongest resolutions may be formed for this purpose, but in most cases they will be broken. I do not say that it is impossible to break off a bad habit at once, but such instances of sudden amendment are so few, that it would not be wise to recommend the experiment to the greater part of mankind. Physicians tell us that habits of gluttony or intoxication cannot be suddenly left off, without danger from the sudden intermission of stimulants, which the body has been used to. A

similar danger might not attend sudden changes of the mental kind, but they are so uncommon, that it were better to make trial of a more gradual course.

Unfortunately for me, I presumed too much upon my resolutions of correcting my visionary cast of mind. In other words, I miscalculated my powers, and formed an idea of my strength which had no foundation in fact. In doing this, I acted as foolishly as he who undertakes to build an edifice without materials, or the capacity to use them; or as he who would put to sea without calculating that storms may arise, and climates may vary. While I studied the road to promotion and fame, I neglected my ordinary accounts. When called upon to settle the expenditure of the army, there was a deficiency in my books to the amount of eight thousand pounds.

The principal requisite in all resolutions, and without which nothing can be reformed to advantage, is strength of

mind. But, in order to acquire that, the party must be furnished with principles of morality, derived from the purest source, and placed on the wisest foundation.

He must not only resolve to despise, but must really be above the seduction or sneers of the world. He must learn first to think, and then to act for himself. He must be convinced, by argument and experience, that what he resolves is right, and then he must pursue it on right principles, and in the right way, perfectly regardless of consequences.

Without firmness, all my fine systems for amendment vanished into empty air; and in the place of entering Dublin seated on a triumphal car, hailed by the military, and greeted by the people, I was menaced with an order to appear before a court martial, there to be arraigned as a malefactor or robber of the public treasury. Had I possessed strength of mind or firmness of character, I should have ap-

peared before this tribunal, and proved the impossibility, in time of active war, of accounting for all the issues of provisions I had made, and should have benefited, as other greater defaulters, circumstanced exactly as I was, had benefited; I mean by an act of indemnity which afterwards passed in the Irish parliament, and which exculpated every delinquent, by acknowledging that in a time of open rebellion, the commissary of a moving army, fighting from day to day, and sometimes every day, could not be expected to obtain the vouchers required by law for the adjustment of his accounts. But, not possessing the virtues I have mentioned, I acted under the impression of my usual visionary turn of mind. Conviction of shame gave force to my imagination—I looked into the stream that distress had opened in my bosom—and fled!

Smooth hope, which for a long time swam on the top of all my misfortunes, at length began to sink; and my spirits,

hitherto so high, were evaporating fast away, leaving a vapid mass behind. At my first perturbed flight, I reached Parkgate, and thence proceeded on foot to Bristol, which I conceived a safer place for embarkation than Liverpool: my ulterior object being to reach America, and there dwell for the remainder of my wretched days. I cannot go into a history of my tortured feelings on this journey. Humanity casts a veil over them. Let them repose in the oblivion of the grave. At length I entered Bristol, and appeared like an isolated inhabitant of the great globe, or like the mast of a wrecked vessel, raising its head above a tempestuous ocean.

While loitering about this superb city, anxiously waiting the departure of the ship in which I had engaged a passage to Boston, my attention was occupied by a poor man, upwards of seventy years old, who was still labouring on the repairs of the public roads. Here, thought I, is

misery complete. But I soon learned, from a conversation with him, how much appearances had deceived me. A consciousness of having discharged his duty through every stage of action, and a release from greater sufferings, had made the eve of his boisterous life tolerably calm and serene. It is true, he now depended, like the fowls of heaven, on Providence, and the returning day, for his subsistence; but Providence, and the returning day, had not yet left him destitute. Bread, sufficient to satisfy the absolute demands of hunger, and the refreshing brook to quench his thirst, had been always in his power. Nor was it unfrequent that he dined luxuriously upon the offals of an ordinary, or the passing tribute levied upon the humane; which sometimes, too, enabled him to raise even an exhilirating draught. He slept at night in barns and stables; yes, he slept, insured by his poverty from losses by fire; nor were his slumbers ever

disturbed by the apprehension of midnight robbers. His present desires were absorbed in longing for the refreshing pint; for the day on which I accosted him had been sultry, and he was fatigued and thirsty. These wants I soon supplied; and the donation, too trifling to be mentioned, rendered him happier than numbers would be by the acquisition of thousands. He threw the spade over his shoulder, and limped away rejoicing, leaving the morrow to take care of itself. I left him with far different feelings. "This rural beggar," said I, "who toils when he can procure labour, or wanders from village to village, depending often upon the precarious bounty of others, though he knows not where he shall dine, or whether he shall dine at all, upon summing up the account, is far a richer man than myself, who am condemned to exile, and ashamed to reveal my history or my name." The mendicant smiled at the approach of fate. I invoked humanity to cast a veil over my future lot.

CHAP. VIII.

Embarks for America.—Arrives at Boston.—Exhibits some original transatlantic Pictures.—Proves himself a good Limner of Characters.—Passes through all the Eastern States of America.—Is compelled to make a remote Part of Maryland the Theatre of his future Operations.

IF "the proper study of mankind is man," as a writer, not less acute than elegant, has observed, it is presumed that greater diversity of incident, manners, and character, has seldom presented itself than is to be found in the pages of my history. They exhibit a moral delineation of myself in opposite extremes of high and low life, and of course pourtray a contrast proportionably striking; from which, while amusement is derived, instruction is in a manner forced upon the reader, without the fatigue of study or the toil of investigation.

I make this remark, because I am about to enter a new era of my existence, which is more pregnant with events and circumstances, of a moral and extraordinary nature, than any other period of my truly chequered and adventurous life: I mean my exile to America, after the failure and mortification attendant on all my former undertakings and schemes. I embarked under as deep a spirit of delusion as ever I at any time possessed. Previously to my embarkation, I bought up every publication that professed to give a true description of the mighty and extensive country I was about to visit, and I looked towards it with the same admiration and excess of hope as the children of Israel regarded the plains of the Promised Land.

The reader need not be told, notwithstanding, that on leaving the shores of the Severn, and encountering storms and dangers of every kind, a variety of recollections must have recurred to my mind,

and wrung my heart with the anguish of varied regrets and endearing sympathies. Painful, indeed, was the state of my feelings until arrived in view of America: but these sensations were then diverted by a succession of new and unknown objects. I first saw land to the north-east of Portland, in the district of Maine, and then coasted along the shore to Boston. During this period, I was anxiously looking for that prospect of fields and villages—that general shew of abundance and improvement, which my reading had instructed me to expect; but what was my surprise when I found that I could discern nothing but immense forests, covering an endless succession of mountains, which penetrated to the interior of the country, and lost their summits in the clouds!

I was not aware that, from the vast extent of America, the industry of man cannot, for centuries to come, effect a visible change in the general and primi-

tive face which it bears. The improvements are but as specks scattered here and there, and can only be discovered by particular researches. The survey from a distance represents a continued, immeasurable tract of woods, apparently occupied by beasts of prey, and incapable of affording accommodation to man. This unexpected sight engaged and astonished me; nor were my reflections on it interrupted until I arrived in Boston Harbour, where other scenes gave me fresh cause for wonder and regret.

A swarm of custom-house officers came instantly on board our vessel, and began their work of plunder and search, extortion and tyranny, as though they had been pirates, and we prey fallen into their hands. Having escaped from these free-booters, and landed on the wharf, I found myself surrounded by a number of persons, who, without any kind of ceremony, crowded on me, and annoyed me with the most familiar and impertinent

enquiries, such as—when and why I left England? whether I intended to settle in America? what were my means? and what line of life I had pursued and meant to follow? &c. &c. One of these inquisitive gentlemen could let me have a house and store, if I turned my thoughts to merchandize; another could supply me, at a low price, with the workshop of a mechanic, a methodist meeting-house, or a butcher's shop, if any of these articles might suit me. Some recommended me to become a land-jobber, and to buy of them a hundred thousand acres on the borders of the Genessee country, and on the banks of extensive rivers and sumptuous lakes, beyond that fertile territory. This speculation was opposed by others, who offered me the sale of a parcel of town lots, from which, by building on them, I could clear at least five hundred per cent; or, if I had not means to build for the present, I could cultivate the lots as cabbage gardens, clear the first

cost in a few years, and then sell the whole at a quadrupled price. To crown the whole scene of imposition, one impostor had the audacity to propose the sale of a secret for making lace from the down of thistles, which he valued at the sum of five hundred dollars, or thereabouts.

Finding, however, that none of their opinions had any weight, these sordid speculators gradually dispersed, forming different conjectures of my intentions, and lamenting that I was not simple enough to be made their dupe, and the victim of their venal designs. At length I reached a tavern, where I had not been many minutes before a new succession of swindlers and impostors intruded on my privacy, asking me a different series of questions, and harassing me with proposals, varying according to the degree of genius and particular interest of the parties. If I had a desire to become a banker, I could purchase a share in a capital house; or I might buy a land-lot-

tery; take a contract for building a bridge; place my funds in a manufactory of weaver's shuttles; buy up unpaid-for British goods, forty per cent. under prime cost, sell them off by auction, and then buy a patent for making improved fish-hooks, or cast-iron nails.

As I did not approve these plans, I was fortunately left to myself, but not until the impudent intruders gave me to understand that they suspected me to be a poor devil without either money or spirit, and who was only fit to become a schoolmaster, lawyer, parson, or doctor, or some other contemptable profession, that required neither talents nor means. When I was again alone, I could no longer suppress my astonishment and horror. One short hour had dispelled the reveries in which I had so long indulged, and converted the liberal, independent, amiable Americans, of whom I had read and heard so much, into a race of impudent, selfish, sordid speculators,

without principle, humanity, honour, or worth.

Still, however, I was not inclined to judge rashly of the country, but deliberately to examine the different states, and act from nature and more particular observations.

It is universally acknowledged that no description of occupation comprehends so much amusement and entertainment as foreign travel, especially in countries little known. I had read the voyages of a Cook and his followers in the South Sea Islands, and the travels of a Bruce and a Park, in the interior regions of Africa; and I commenced my tour from Boston to the Southern States of America with an idea, that were I to write my travels, and present them to the public, they could not fail to possess a similar merit.

Vain, delusive hopes of man! I may again exclaim. The various states, through which I passed, are unworthy of

the smallest observation: those to the north are indebted to nature for but few gifts: the climate is equally subject to the two extremes of burning heat and excessive cold; while bigotry, pride, and a malignant hatred to the mother country characterize the inhabitants. The middle states are less contemptible. For the southern states nature has done much—man, little. Society is in a shameful degeneracy. I shun the humiliating delineation, and proceed to what more immediately affected my destiny.

In fine, after spending much of my time, and a considerable portion of my means, my conclusions were these:—that the high price of labour renders it impossible for a gentleman farmer to make any thing of land in America; that no man can succeed on a farm unless he himself attend the plough, and has a family capable of performing other mean and hard labours; that the market-prices are too low to pay the expense of hired

servants; and that a farm of fifty acres in England could be rendered more productive than five thousand of an American settlement.

Taxes, also, were numerous, oppressive, and increasing; yet trade was unprotected, and persons and property insecure. As to religion, I saw it in some parts established by a rigid ecclesiastical tyranny, compelling me to go to church on a Sunday, or pay a fine; and in other districts, it was so much neglected and disregarded, that every house of worship was in a state of dilapidation and decay. Malignant ordeals, and burning fevers, are periodically beheld, claiming their thousands, and depopulating the great towns of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charlestown, and Savannah. Slavery also prevailed, and consequently tyranny, sloth, avarice, licentiousness, and crime.

I now awoke from those dreams in which I had so long indulged, and which

consumed a considerable part of my little fortune. My new reflections were, indeed, sound and salutary. They brought to my mind proper ideas of my native land, and the constitution of the country. What I had seen in America, led me to recollect the undisturbed security and profitable employments I once so eminently enjoyed at home. To change my own mild and paternal government for the wild principles of the American federal system—to renounce the honour of being a British subject, for the degradation of becoming a citizen of the United States, now appeared to me absurd and contemptible; and there is nothing more certain than that, if my exile had not been a compulsory one, I should have delighted beyond measure in returning with rapture to my native country.

Circumstanced as I was, there could be no option left to me but that of turning my thoughts to the back-settlements of America; to those happier regions, as

I again fondly believed, which afford contemplation without disgust, and where mankind, scattered in small associations, are not totally depraved, or finally corrupt. I was at Baltimore when I formed this plan for my conduct, and it induced me to make choice of the most remote part of Maryland for the theatre of my future operations.

CHAP. IX.

Purchases a small Farm on the Banks of the Patuxant.—Leads the Life of a Back-Settler.—Describes that Life.—Continues for two Years.—Dreams that he is happy.—He takes to his Bed a Woman of Colour.—The Indians menace his Farm.—He is visited by dreadful Apprehensions.

It too often happens that they, who are most insensible to the injuries and misfortunes of others, are the most exquisitely susceptible in all things which affect themselves. There are men, who can hear of the calamities of the public, or of individuals, without sorrow or regret; but, when any circumstance occurs wherein their own interests are affected, they display less confidence, and become the prey of sorrow, remorse, or shame. Without having been insensible or hard-hearted, it is nevertheless

true that I had but little compassion for any of the misfortunes which I witnessed in America, nor was it until I settled in the most solitary part of Maryland, and felt the cold hand of distress pressing personally upon myself, that I began to feel those sensations and sentiments, which, at former times, I generously extended to every being that had any kind of claim.

I shall now rapidly shew the origin and progress of those misfortunes which I have referred to. They are these.—Previously to my flying from my menaced court martial, I realized some rebel property, which I obtained during my active commissariatship, to the amount of seven hundred pounds. This sum constituted my whole fortune on my departure from Ireland. My voyage and various journeys throughout the United States consumed three hundred pounds of this capital. There remained but four hundred pounds to meet all the exigen-

cies of my future life. Dreading the expenditure of so important though small a fortune, and seeing a florid advertisement of a farm in a situation the most desirable to one abhorring the society of the Americans, I closed with the offer, and left myself but the sum of one hundred pounds after I effected the purchase. I provided myself with a horse, a plough, implements of agriculture, a rifle, a fowling piece, some ammunition, and a large dog of the bloodhound breed, to hunt deer.

Thus determined and equipped, I arrived at my farm in the spring of the year 1799. It was situated on the head waters of the Patuxant, nearly three hundred miles from Baltimore; and what the advertisement painted as an improved farm, with a good house, cultivated land, and every convenience for a respectable family, consisted in fact of a small hut, built of logs. Very few acres, of the several hundred I had purchased, were

cleared, that is, the large trees were cut down, the underwood partially grubbed, and some Indian corn planted in the interstices of the stumps of the large timber.

There was nothing flattering in this appearance of things: but I had gone too far to recoil. This wretched farm was of necessity every thing to me; I had nothing else in the world to depend upon or look to. I therefore sat myself contentedly down, provided myself with a negro servant and his wife; planted my Indian corn, bought a cow, and a few pigs, and in all respects conformed to the customs and manners of an ordinary frontier settler. But for the first two years I depended chiefly on my rifle and faithful dog. With these I provided myself with deer, bear, racoon, wild turkies, &c.; but what I valued most, were the black and grey squirrels. These animals are large and numerous, are excellent when roasted, and make a soup exceedingly rich and nourishing.

I gradually cleared my land, and began to plant wheat, tobacco, &c. These, together with what hogs, and other increase of my stock I could spare, as also the skins of deer, bear, and other animals which I shot in the woods, I exchanged with the nearest store-keeper for clothing, spirits, ammunition, sugar, coffee, &c. I also converted my miserable log-hut into a very commodious dwelling. I split some of the largest timber for railing my garden, fencing my grounds, and supplying the fires. But, after all, in this state I suffered much for want of the comforts, and even the necessaries of life. Suppose me afflicted with a flux, or fever, attacked by a panther, bitten by a rattlesnake, or any other of the dreadful circumstances peculiar to my situation; but, still worse, suppose a war to break out between the Indians, might not I and my poor negroes be scalped, and my plantation burned!

As for that man, who can neither en-

dure slavery, nor enjoy freedom, who is ever agitated like the waters of the great ocean, what real joy can he taste in what he calls pleasure, since the heart is not permitted to participate in a share of it?

This question has been more than once asked by those who have seen me in honourable posts, and who conceived that I abandoned them from a mere spirit of change, and love of novelty. As the question may be also urged by persons who consider my situation on the Patuxant to have been one not to be abandoned in haste, I shall proceed to describe my feelings and existence, on the breaking out of an Indian war; an event that took place during the third year of my settlement, just as my farm began to flourish, and became the admiration of the poor emigrants, who had sought a refuge in the same township.

To the west, my plantation was in-

closed by a chain of hills, reaching to the Alleghany Mountains, and the country, in all directions, was very thinly inhabited. I was almost insulated, the cottages of the other settlers being at a considerable distance from mine and from each other. From the mountains I had but too much reason to expect the dreadful enemy, the Indians; and the wilderness around me was a harbour, where it was impossible to attack them. It was a door, through which they could enter our settlements at any time: and as they seemed determined to destroy the whole frontier, my fate could not be far distant. From the Blue Lake to the head of the Patuxant, almost all the habitations had been burnt one after another.

What rendered these incursions still more dreadful was, that they most commonly took place in the dead of night. I never went to my fields but I was seized with an involuntary fear, which lessened my strength and weakened my labour.

No other subjects of discourse intervened between the different accounts, which spread through the country, of successive acts of devastation; and these, told in chimney corners, swelled themselves through the affrighted imagination into the most terrific ideas. Soon after my first settlement in this land of apprehension and alarm, I took under my protection a very interesting young woman of colour, named Faveen, by whom I had two fine children, a boy and a girl. For some time we enjoyed considerable comparative happiness. But after the first Indian incursion, we never sat down to dinner or supper, but the least noise spread a general consternation, and prevented us from enjoying the comforts of our meals.

The very appetite, proceeding from labour and peace of mind, was gone. Our sleep was disturbed by the most frightful dreams. Sometimes I started as if the great hour of danger was come. At other

times the howling of my dogs seemed to announce the arrival of the enemy. We leaped out of bed, and ran to arms; upon which poor Faveen, with panting bosom, and silent tears, took leave of me, as if we were to see each other no more. She snatched the dear children from their beds, who, being thus suddenly awakened, increased by their piercing cries the horror of the dreadful moment. She tried to hide them in the loft, as if our loft was inaccessible to the tomahawk or the firebrand. I placed my faithful negro at the window, and myself at the door, where I was determined to perish.

Fear industriously increased every sound: we all listened: each communicated to each other his fears and conjectures. We remained thus sometimes for whole hours, our hearts and our minds racked by the most anxious suspense. What a dreadful situation! A thousand times worse than that of a soldier engaged in the midst of a most severe conflict!

Sometimes, feeling the spontaneous courage of a man, I seemed to wish for the decisive minute. The next instant a message from Faveen by the negro woman, with one of my children in her arms, quite unmanned me. Away went my courage, and I descended again into the deepest despondency. At last, finding it was a false alarm, we returned once more to our beds: but what good could sleep do us when interrupted by such scenes?

Peace was finally established. I escaped the scalping knife and the tomahawk, and in the course of another year became a man of some little consequence in the eyes of my neighbours, but none whatever in my own. I felt, that from a scholar and a gentleman, a courtier and a soldier, I had degenerated into a mere demi-savage, or worse. After supplying my little family with bread, my whole employment was to procure skins and furs, to exchange for rum, brandy, and

ammunition. For this purpose I was often several days together in the woods without seeing a human being but my own poor negro follower. I was, however, by no means at a loss: my rifle supplied me with food, and at sunset we cut down some boughs with our tomahawks, and constructed a wigwam, in which we spent the night, stretched on the skins of those animals I had killed in the course of my excursion.

This manner of living I learned from my savage neighbours, the Indians, whom I once so much dreaded; and, like them, I gradually began to consider every other state of life a species of slavery. In this manner, too, I silently imbibed their vices, without appearing to attain a single spark of their virtues.

CHAP. X.

The poor Exile meditates deeply.—He abandons his Farm to his Mistress.—Repairs to the City of Washington, and civilizes himself.—Attracts the Notice of the American Executive.—Edits the National Intelligencer.—Attends the Sittings of Congress.—Anecdotes of Persons, Politics, and Literature.

THE small value put on some flowers is not a proof that they are not esteemed, but that they are common. The rose and honeysuckle are neglected and left in the hedges, not because they want beauty, but because they are every where presented to our eyes, and may be had without pains or price. We value them, and pass them by without curiosity, as we do the wild concert we hear in the copses and the woods.

It is a mistake to think men value things in proportion as they pay for them. Good air, sleep, day-light, or the liberty

of going where we please, are known to every one as blessings of the first rate; yet no one buys them, although people pay dearly for things they do not value half so much.

"'Tis all in vain!" exclaimed I, in a moment of reason, and when some particular circumstance compelled me to acknowledge the degeneracy of my condition; "'tis all in vain! These flowers, these streams, these solitary shades, are nothing to me. I shall not offend the spirit of truth, when I say they are odious in my sight. Four times has the sun performed his annual journey since I have examined and admired them. Could I be a witness of forty more to come, would there be any thing new, or which I had not seen before? It is high time I should intrude myself into the great world, when all things satiate and grow stale upon me in this deserted place." My existence had, indeed, begun to be a burthen. In the woods, and in the chace, I received

such a relief as men look to from strong liquors and wines; but when at home, I was meditating deeply and painfully how to extricate myself from a situation so adverse to my former habits, and so hostile to any thing like common sense.

Fortunately, and favourably to this new train of reflections, they were encouraged by the return of a young man, who had been for some years a prisoner in the Indian territory, and who, previously to his bondage, was the acknowledged lover of Faveen, my housekeeper. On enquiry, I found him to be an industrious, sober youth; and as his attachment for Faveen was not diminished, either by absence, or through my intimacy with her, it struck me that I could do nothing honester or wiser than to see them married, and leave my farm to them, and to my two children in reversion. I hurried this scheme into execution with all my usual precipitancy; and having signed the last instrument or deed, I rushed out

of my house with a sort of passionate violence, as if deeply agitated by the recollection of the past, the state of the present, and the idea of the future.

Faveen, her husband, my children, and servants, followed me with equal celerity. "But," said I, "'tis in vain to grieve!" At the same time grief was in my countenance and in my heart. All fixed their eyes upon me, and cried, one after another: "Father, benefactor, master, friend!" the tears streaming from their eyes, and the deepest anguish depicted in their features. To render this scene more deplorable, the neighbours flocked round me, and appeared nearly as much affected at my departure as my own little domestic circle, who clung to me for their last farewell. I had heretofore cut my way through the ranks of an enemy in the field of battle, but I declare that in breaking through this small party I had to command a more desperate courage than I ever before employed. Re-

collection overcomes me. I must employ my pen upon another subject.

I had not proceeded far on my way, before I resolved to take the road to Washington, a city recently formed, and to which the seat of government and the sitting of congress had been removed from Philadelphia. During this route I consoled myself with the opinion, that I had now learned wisdom, and that it was variety alone which could render life desirable. With these thoughts I entered the great city. The situation was wild and sublime. Scattered palaces, dark cedars, a capital after that of imperial Rome, the junction of two rivers, the view of immense forests and naked rocks, completed the scenery. I was much pleased with it, and the more so, as it was my intention to attach myself to the federal government, that I might be thereby enabled to make the city of Washington the place of my future and constant residence.

I was animated by the hope that fate had so ordered matters, and that I should no longer live in a way evincing an extravagant and confused condition of mind. Though I had passed my whole life in a state bordering on insanity, it were to be wished, that, towards the evening, the clouds of delusion might be dissipated, and the sun of reason set clear.

The emancipators of nations, and the deliverers of their native land from political thraldom, are justly entitled to the warmest retributions of gratitude which the liberality of mankind can pay, both on account of the importance of the benefit, and the general difficulty of its achievements.

To rouse the languid, to inflame the cold, and to inspire the spiritless, is not the work of common talents or inferior souls, but of transcendent abilities, emulous of distinction by deathless deeds, and of superior genius invigorated by genuine patriotism. At least, such were

the opinions I entertained of the emancipators of nations on my arrival in the city of Washington; and as my intention was to force my way into some employment under the federal government of these great personages, I resolved to study their character, that I might discover who was the most likely to take me by the hand, and recommend me to the president as a fit person to fill a vacancy in any of their civil and political establishments.

The sitting of congress at the time considerably advanced my wishes. I attended it daily, and was soon convinced that I had taken up a wild and extravagant opinion of American statesmen and rulers. Existing, as they did, in a state of social depravity, when to buy and to be bought formed the material commerce of a corrupt people, it might have appeared somewhat extravagant and singular, that any man should sacrifice his interest on the altar of truth. In the con-

gress, therefore, and in the state, all the degrees of individuals seemed tainted by the influence of hostile factions, uniformly preferring the ravings of prejudice to the voice of veracity. Indeed, the contagion spread so wide, and so far, that a man of integrity was elbowed in his comfortless passage through life by contumacious wretches, and bursting the bonds of meditation, beheld himself environed by arrogance and idiotism on the one hand, and desperation and adroit knavery on the other.

It will be readily allowed that these were not a set of men to whom I could look up for patronage with any feelings of pleasure or of pride. During my researches, however, my finances were considerably reduced, and I was now compelled to attend congress as a hired reporter of its debates; for I saw little probability of being otherwise engaged or officially employed. This was a dreadful task. The majority of the speakers were

truly despicable, and mere automata. Their puny oratory was preconcerted and mechanical. They babbled from the obligations of necessity, but could not argue from the high and proud demands of virtue. They made a commerce of their talkativeness, and did not wish it to be considered as arising from a principle of patriotic honour. They were prodigal in their compliments to each other, as they knew they could not expect praise from any other source. To be brief, oratory had lost its best recommendation to their applause, and was nothing better than a disease in the commonwealth.

I had trod over classic ground, and, to bring my name into notoriety and repute, I culled every flower that could adorn the periods, or beautify the rhetoric of the members whose speeches I took down. Besides, I had studied the constitution of the United States, and could anatomize its constituent parts with ease,

whenever the exigencies of a speech rendered the theme appropriate. While I was thus employed, wandering in the serpentine mazes of doubt, Mr. Rutlidge, the member for Carolina, introduced himself to me, by order of Mr. Jefferson, the president, and soon put me in the way of immediate employment. I succeeded Mr. Stephen Pinckney, as editor of the NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER, and soon became a splendid instance of literary power, by coercing Mr. Cobbett, the most insolent writer alive, and putting my foot upon a swoln aristocracy, which he was endeavouring to foster in the bosom of a republican land.

The history of America presents various and extraordinary examples of men, who have been indebted for their envied elevation in society to no other influence than that, which superior abilities must ever command in a legislature constituted like their's; but of all the paths which guide the meritorious adventurer to the

temple of power and independence, that of an authorized political writer has ever been considered the most attractive, immediate, and certain. The honourable adherents of the army and navy are necessitated to make many a circuitous and toilsome march ere they can embrace the grand and final object of their labours; whereas the more fortunate sons of American state literature, like the vultures in the atmosphere, are enabled, from being peculiarly gifted with irresistible and dreadful talons, to wander over the universe at discretion, and pierce with their sanguinary fangs the trembling animal that Providence has devoted for the amusement of their insatiate fury. Among the various labourers in the polemical vineyard, there have been few men whose efforts have been crowned with more success than mine were in the United States.

CHAP. XI.

Accepts an Appointment under the American Government.—Is highly esteemed by Mr. Jefferson.—Quarrels with him.—Is superseded in his Appointments and cast adrift.—Finds Resources in his Talents.—Lectures on Eloquence and the Belles Lettres.—Amasses Money.—Looks towards Home.

As the greatest fault of woman, in the eye of her seducer, is invincible honesty; so the greatest fault of a political writer, with his patron, is his resistance to baseness, and his hostility to slavery. It remains for me to shew how these opinions are connected with the present era of my history.

It is known to the reader, that I leaped from a state of abject obscurity to the editorship of an official paper. My advancement, while still holding the conduct of the National Intelligencer, to

the office of *precis* writer in the department of state, was a measure that created some astonishment in the political circles of that period, for my abilities as a translator were not sufficiently known to the public to justify the appointment; but the reputation, that attended me afterwards, in my progress, I hope clearly ascertains the penetration of Mr. Jefferson, who selected me for that responsible and arduous office; although it is equally evident that he was disappointed in his expectations. The ambition of the man destroyed the servility of the dependant; and I soon gave Mr. Jefferson a convincing proof that he, whom he had selected as an instrument of convenience, was too haughty in his disposition, and too ungovernable in his principles, to co-operate in every measure agreeable to the letter of his employer's mandate. Ere we had been long acquainted as political associates, the noble president was heard to

lament, like the horse in the fable, that the man, whom he had kindly received into his bosom, as an auxiliary, had completely bridled the original vigour of his mind, restricted the exercise of his privileges as a ruler, and marshalled his actions in such a manner, by published representations, as best suited the views and wishes of the inflexible adherent.

In the course of a few months after my introduction to the system of power, I became too deeply versed in the secrets of Mr. Jefferson to be discarded with safety; too lofty in my demeanour to be treated with disrespect; and too decisive and commanding in my sentiments to be opposed with success, by the circumlocution of artifice, or the plaints of fear.—The commanding firmness of mind which I preserved, without contamination, even in the centre of bribery and corruption, filled the Americans with an example equally singular and honour

able; for although I was professedly in the employ of the executive government of America, I disdained to assist in promoting the dishonour of my native country and the aggrandizement of France. Now, as the whole object of Mr. Jefferson was to narrow the influence of England, and extend the interests of Buonaparte, it is evident that the cards I had to play required much skill in the arrangement, and much deliberation in the use.

Often did I endeavour to correct the velocity of Mr. Jefferson's consuming hatred to Great Britain, but it was all in vain; and his incessant endeavour was to employ me in pointing out the incapacity and exposing the audacity of the English cabinet; at the same time exhibiting the French government and French ruler as models for the admiration and imitation of the American people. Yet Mr. Jefferson was neither a democrat nor a republican. It will

be in my eternal recollection, that amidst the torrent and whirlwind of his most furious denunciations against the sovereign of England, he never threw off the panoply of a submissive courtier, as far as regarded France, nor ever shut the door in the teeth of French despotism. His argument was lucid and direct upon every question but where the sacredness and disproportioned pageantry of Napoleon were brought to the stake of reason. Then he despicably shrunk from the impelling patriotism of his nature, and gave that offering to policy which was intended for truth.

I hope Mr. Jefferson is an honest man and a true American, but I am not warranted by the tissue of his life, during my literary and official association with him, to afford him an unrestricted credit. His personal virtues have frequently absorbed his political errors; his purification has not been sufficiently confirmed, to remove the equivocation

that once sullied his name, or embolden any thoughtful or just man to give him a niche in the pantheon of glory. His assumption of liberal opinions threw a faint charm around the fallibility of his judgment, and he was esteemed a political Sampson, because he affected to combat with the British lion, or to hurl defiance at its head across the seas.

The time now arrived more particularly, when Mr. Jefferson wished me to pour forth his denunciations against the English minister. But I was firm in my attachment to my native country. I was superior to the ordinary methods of flattery. I laboured sedulously to shew the shame and the danger of calumny and detraction; I laboured equally to make my opinion authoritative, and my expression ultimate. As I ceased, the sullen deportment of the president tacitly demonstrated the feelings of his soul. Bursting in the plenitude of a passion almost inordinate, he cast away

the thin and flimsy covering which hitherto had obscured in a faint degree the perturbed working of his mind. A confidence in his high authority armed him, as he thought, with a coat of mail against me: he rushed into the contest like another Ajax, boldly avowing the naked purpose of his patronage, my writing against England, and in favour of France; and while he admonished me against obstinacy, he dealt destruction around me, more by the terrors that hung about his name, than the sharpness of his weapons, or the skilfulness of the assault.

Wrapt up in the eccentricities of my nature, my looks shewed a decided predetermination not to be awed. Indeed, I never heartily gave my concurrence to any measure which did not originate from myself; and the darings of my spirit now bore a hue of independence and manliness congenial to the prejudice of Britons. I was not an example of mean insinuation, but stood amid the warring of Mr. Jef-

ferson and his advisers, whom he called in, like the Chan of the Usbecks, too formidable to be visited by contumely, and too savage to create esteem.

To perceive the happy moment for rendering one's exertions effectual, and to seize on the fortunate opportunity which the revolution of time and accidents may produce for giving decisive efficacy to efforts, are instances of sagacity and foresight, of opportune resolution and vigorous determination in the highest degree laudable; which may be extolled, but cannot be exaggerated.

So many concurrent circumstances are requisite to shake off the yoke of long confirmed usurpation, to infuse a contempt of threatened menaces, and to elevate a man from the meanness of obsequious servility to all the dignity of independence, that to combine these circumstances, to direct their operation, and to moderate their energy, are marks of such merit as deservedly claim the amplest and richest

civic meed that can recompense the worthy citizen.

I have not the arrogance to apply the above observations in their full extent to myself, but I do take pride for the manner in which I conducted myself after my ominous altercation with Mr. President Jefferson. That gentleman sent his private secretary, Mr. Broome, to me, with an intimation, that if I did not think proper to conduct the National Intelligencer and my official business in the manner he had pointed out to me, my further services should be instantly dispensed with. My answer to this was, that the love of my country silenced the voice of necessity; that the life of a beggar was preferable to that of a traitor, and that if I could not attain fame in his service, I would be secure of avoiding disgrace. I would not, to please my protector, rush headlong into the battle, absolutely unprepared for the contest, nor dream of intimidating England, by mere weapons of parade, and the

glitter of ornamental armour. I would not substitute vague assertion for argument, nor think of banishing all suspicion of the most baneful measures of France, by chaunting forth the praises of the favourite Buonaparte. The end and issue of all this was, that a French emigrant was appointed to my place, who would with difficulty emulate my diligence, integrity, and industry, but with great ease avoid those principles by which my prosperity was destroyed.

I was not long afloat upon the dangerous ocean of uncertainty, before I bent my course towards a haven which promised some success, or remuneration for danger and toil. In other words, seeing the shameful ignorance of the Americans in legislative, diplomatic, and state affairs, I opened a lyceum in the city of Washington, and delivered a course of lectures on the eloquence of the senate, the cabinet, and the bar. To the praise of grace my action had few pre-

tensions. It was always forcible, and often expressive, but seldom elegant. With much of that vehemence which all must condemn, it had little of that delicacy which the judicious can admire; and when it offended not, it was hardly pleasing.

With comprehensive intelligence, however, embracing a great object, not catching at its parts by detail, I took in the whole at one glance, and saw instantly the pivot, whereon it turned, with almost intuitive acuteness. In argument I was strong, pointed, close, and conclusive, never straying in search of extraneous matter, but explaining with success what I understood with facility. I conducted not the mind to the conclusion I aimed at by a long chain of abstruse disquisition, but guided it with seeming ease through the pleasing path of natural illustration; and as my subjects were always chosen from the political events of the day, and the living orators of the times, they could

not fail to interest the hearer in a very remarkable degree.

For example, in the refutation of the French, I put forth all my might, and accumulated my force to overwhelm and oppress them: but my best powers were most apparent when I enforced what could not be denied—when I defended the rights of old England; when I pourtrayed the hopes, the fears, the expectations of that magnanimous people; when I threatened the vicious and appalled the proud. Then indeed I rose above myself, becoming, perhaps, sometimes sublime, and sometimes pathetic. But it may be sufficient to say of my lectures, that I delivered them successively in the several great towns of Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Newport, Providence, Boston, and Portland, where they were uniformly so amply attended, and so loudly approved, that they subsisted me in the handsomest manner, and enabled

me to lay by the sum of four thousand dollars, to meet any plan of life I might think proper to adopt.

I know not what bias I might have been governed by, had I not just at this time received a letter from my brother Jonathan in Ireland, stating that the services I had rendered the country and the army, during the period of the commissariatship, and the esteem entertained for my family by Colonel Handfield, the commissary-general had induced him not to take any harsh measures against me, and that, if I wished to push my fortune in Europe once again, I had nothing to dread from the past, but every thing to hope from the future. Detesting America as I did, and as every honest man must, I eagerly benefited by this friendly intimation from my brother, and left the Americans, wishing that the flood-gates of national fury were thrown open upon their government, or that their better genius

would soften their obdurate spirit, and make them feel emotions of a more dreadful tenor than those Semiramis knew, when · ith ghastly horror she listened to the recital of a revolt in the imperial city of Babylon.

CHAP. XII.

The Wanderer finds his Way back to England.—Assails Mr. Fox on the Ground of American Claims.—He lashes Mr. Fox.—Views his Cabinet as the icy Cave of Death.—Humility is the Offspring of Calamity.—He regrets his little Settlement in America.—The sickly Blasts of Winter blow upon him.—He seeks the Sunshine of the Horse-Guards.

It might be expected that an unfortunate exile would return to his country with a contrite heart, and a broken spirit, not in the loftiness and pride of genius, with the accompaniments of literary triumph, and the demand of confidence; but covered as a fallen subject should be, with sackcloth and ashes upon his head.

His concessions to an aggrieved government should be nearly unlimited. He should lamentably sit upon the footstool of repentance, and prove, by the

emotions of pungent sorrow, that he was less criminal than an observant ministry might suppose. This, I say, might have been expected, but it was not realized in me, for I no sooner returned to England than I repaired to London, where I became as clamorous and importunate for a place as if I had been a man possessing the purest character and the most unquestionable claims.

In the encouragement of this extraordinary line of procedure, I was governed particularly by a change of administration. Mr. Fox was the then minister; and as I had some real, and more imaginary demands on the generosity of the British government, I felt the utmost confidence in the avowed liberality of this statesman, being convinced that he would, without hesitation, remunerate me for the loss I sustained in advocating the English cause, while connected with the cabinet of America. But I was deceived in Mr. Fox. When I addressed him, he

had neither the same zeal nor the same talents which he possessed as the active leader of the opposition. His power was too long retarded. He came into the ministry too late in life. His administration was a florid weakness—the hectic effort of an exhausted mind, that, like the faint offer of a latter spring, served but to usher in the fall, and wither in affected blossoms.

Though I scorn the intention of offering any marked incivility to the memory of Mr. Fox, it is possible that my love of justice may render me too energetic; but there are times when we must prefer truth to ceremony; and the regards for truth should supersede all minor considerations. He had made a monopoly of public confidence, and I sincerely believe that, had he possessed a patent of diabolism, he would have been anointed in his career, and unchecked in his agency. When I left England, Mr. Fox was somewhat like those high and abrupt

cliffs which begirt our island: he was always found on the desperate extremes of existence, lifting, with terrific majesty, his bold front above the storm, and apparently most happy when the elements were most raging. When I returned to England, Mr. Fox was locked up in a cabinet, unassailable to the voice of anxiety or of sorrow. Whoever carried a memorial to his sanctuary, was a complainant entering into the icy caves of death, where his relief could only be effected by his extinction. To me, who had been accustomed to act with the velocity of a meteor, and not the sluggishness of a snail, this contrast of character was abhorrent, and I left Downing Street with the mortifying lamentation that a man, once so great, should not deprecate the consequences of labouring to injure the cause of merit, and give perpetuity to shame.

It was a celebrated axiom with an ancient prince, that we have two souls,

one leading us to vice, and the other to purity. There are many living at this day who do not entirely reject the Rosicrusian system, and believe that we are forced into action by the administration of a supernatural and intermediate minister.

It certainly requires some faith of this tendency to reconcile the variety of habitudes that constitute the human character, but more especially as it appears subtilely incongruous in artificial life; yet I only admit these wanderings of thought, as the ramifications or diminutive branches of principle, for the root itself is steady and immutable. Virtue, like the temperature of the blood, is equally propelling, invigorating, and warm, in the frigid and the torrid zone. After my return to town, and my repulsion by Mr. Fox, I frequently exhibited all the imbecilities of youth in the morning, and all the goodness of a reflecting sage in the evening, with this impolitic variation, that the rude million could

gaze upon my improprieties, as they were usually committed in the blaze of day, but could not take cognizance of my deeds of pitying sympathy, as I did them most cautiously from the general eye.

I seemed naturally inclined to benevolence and prodigality. These qualities, united to the want of employment, soon bore hard upon my American money; and instead of floating between the adoption of a good or an indifferent course of life, I was compelled to seize hold of the first object that was likely to sustain me above the waves, and keep me from sinking into the oblivious pool of total indigence.

Humility is the offspring of calamity. It was now, and not till now, that I recollected my little settlement on the head waters of the Patuxant, and that I contrasted the state of a contented farmer with that of an erratic vagabond, destitute of habitation or name, though in a country that he called his

home. "My favourite trees are still standing," cried I, in a moment of remorse and sorrow: "the stream runs, and the springs flow through my well-cultivated lands, which afforded refreshment to me and to my little family. That spot of land was once sacred to me: but it is now no longer so. I have assigned it to others, and there is not in the whole universe a single span to call my own."

It was now, too, that I valued the faithful Faveen, and my innocent enchanting children. How much used I to be delighted to see them at the rising of the sun, when the ruddy bloom of youth glowed upon their countenances! How was I overjoyed to meet them in the evening, after a day's toilsome chace, and, taking them to my bosom, recount to them all the little incidents that had occurred in my excursions! But all this was nothing: I myself was worse than nothing: the bow was too mighty for the string, and the

foundation too feeble for the fabric that was built upon it. Mine was a life of errors, and it was fit that it should also be a life of atonement.

While in this state of mind, with the sickly blasts of winter blowing upon me, and extinguishing the lamp of hope, I accidentally read in a newspaper that Lieutenant Colonel Hope, a contemporary of mine in the garrison of Dublin, as well as in the campaigns of Brabant and Flanders, was appointed to a place of high trust and patronage in the department of His Royal Highness the Duke of York, at the Horse-Guards. When I read this information, I was reduced to my last dollar, and had no ostensible or other means whatever for the augmentation of so scanty and inefficient a fund. Notwithstanding, I instantly felt within me a secret source of exultation, and lost not a moment in forming a lever capable of raising me from under the load of want

and obloquy, which was on the point of crushing me to death.

My plan was by some supposed to proceed from a distempered brain. It is usual for the timid to call a projector insane, when his schemes exceed the bounds of their affrighted comprehensions. My plan was to reveal all the leading features of my life, in a memorial to the Duke of York, and to prevail on Colonel Hope to recommend it to the attention of his Royal Highness. That the reader may form some idea of the singularity and boldness of this measure, I shall here copy the first paragraph of my application, for it should not be called a memorial. It was in these words: "He, who makes this application to your Royal Highness, is the person of all others who has the least claim upon your protection, because he is said to have fallen from honour, and has no title to the patronage of any person upon earth."

I also boldly confessed the derangement of my commissariat accounts in Ireland; and concluded by stating, that as a cloud would for ever obscure my name in England, I should be content with a commission in any one of the condemned regiments serving in the West Indies, North America, or Africa. The result of this singular production shall soon be made known to the inquisitive peruser.

CHAP. XIII.

The Gates of Glory are again opened to his View.—He is gazetted as Ensign in the Canadian Fencible Infantry.—Interview with the Duke of York.—Character of that illustrious Commander.—The Death of the Ensign's Father retards his Departure for Canada.—He again frequents High Life.

NATIONAL prejudices are illiberal and unjust; nevertheless it so happens that we never yet knew one person, born and educated on the North side of the Tweed, whose habits and dispositions were not presumed to be of a very sordid cast.

Pride and meanness are not incompatible with each other; and in the Scotchman they are vulgarly said to be firmly united. Formal and distant to those whom he is pleased to look down on as his inferiors; affable and pliant, where he imagines his interest to consist; the

insidious smile on his face should be a caution against the canker in his heart.

"Should Colonel Hope be a cold-hearted character of the description drawn by national prejudice," thought I, as I proceeded to wait upon him at the Horse-Guards; "should he be a stranger to every generous, noble passion, and indulge a miserable and contemptible vanity, in the gorgeous display of official pomp and greatness, while his purse, like the gordian knot, impossible to be unloosed, is tied up to all the tender claims of charity, and his breast immoveably locked against every approach of the unfortunate—should this be the case, what will become of me and the plan I have laid for the amelioration of my existing circumstances and future destiny?"

These reflections, arising from national prejudices, occupied my mind on my way to the Horse-Guards, and checked that buoyancy of spirits which I encouraged on my first setting out. But it was vulgar prejudice and unfounded

fear that swayed me. I was readily admitted to an audience with Colonel Hope, and as readily perceived that he perused not the code of rigid policy for the measure of his action. Instead of "the proud man's contumely, the insolence of office," all the affability, appertaining to the unsophisticated soldier, played about his character; and when I made known to him who and what I was, and that I had no friend upon earth to whom I could look up for protection or succour, the painful news touched the benevolent chord of his heart like electricity. He told me, that although several years had elapsed since he witnessed my services, they were still properly felt and properly remembered by him, and that I might remain assured he would not only present my paper to the Commander-in-Chief, but would contrive, with becoming delicacy, to see such an arrangement made as would render my situation less inconvenient.

This was the sentiment of a compre-

hensive and illustrious mind, directly opposing the ridiculousness of national prejudices, and maintaining the essence of remunerative gratitude. Promotion now floated before my ideas, and I left the presence of the colonel, combining a knowledge of what I was with the intrusive anxieties of what I yet might be. The gates of glory again appeared to open to my view, and I was fortunately allowed that degree of latitude for reformation, which is granted only by the benevolent to such young men, whose fire has been more prevalent than their abstemiousness. Nor was I suffered to languish in the shade of uncertainty any considerable time. At the end of six days, I received a letter from Colonel Gordon, the Duke of York's public secretary, stating that my memorial and recommendation by Colonel Hope had been attended to by His Royal Highness, and that I might expect to see myself gazetted for an Ensigncy in the course of the ensuing week.

Colonel Gordon also had the goodness to explain to me, that the regulations of the Commander-in-Chief would not admit of a higher promotion in the first instance; for, whatever my rank might have been in foreign service, I could only be recognized in England as a reduced Ensign of the late 83rd Foot.

On receiving this information, I cannot say but that I felt somewhat disappointed, and I even had the folly to wait upon Colonel Hope, and excite him to expostulate with Colonel Gordon upon the incongruity of conferring as a favour a subordinate and retrograde rank. The colonel refuted my objections on the ground of official regulations, and, at the same time, gave me this political hint—"Go home quietly," said he, "and read the fable of the Reed and the Oak, out of Æsop. You will there learn, that the reed, by yielding, was unhurt by a tempest which tore up the sturdy oak by the roots." There was so much good sense

in this way of thinking, and it accorded so entirely with the broken state of my frame and fortunes, that I must have been worse than a madman had I not taken it for my government, and made it the guide of my future destiny. I did so, and hailed the day on which I saw myself gazetted as Ensign in the Canadian Regiment of Fencible Infantry.

I was now bursting hourly from the chrysalis of distress. Ambition had originally planted her choicest seeds in my bosom—they had taken root—they began to germinate—and emerged with such a promise of beauty and of fruit, that there was reason to expect a full harvest, acceptable both to virtue and to honour.

It is not in the higher classes of society that we are to look for models of worth and genuine intrinsic greatness. The Duke of York, in himself, presents an honourable and perfect exception to this rule; and if any thing could reconcile us to the barbarous inequality of fortune and con-

dition, or to the unnatural exclusive privileges of aristocracy, it would be the generous and noble use to which he applies those advantages.

The warmth of heart and universal philanthropy of this prince are best illustrated by his official qualities—qualities that are not confined to theory, but which delight in practice. He has, however, had his detractors. Indeed, I have not known any great or publicly marked character who could descend to the cold mansions of the grave, without having his most estimable points doubted, and his attributes misplaced and perverted by the cunning, though baneful efforts of envy.

They have all had their partial admirers, and their partial defamers—they have all been loved, pitied, honoured, despised, and mourned.—I believe, if a man were to shut himself up from the piercing eye of observation in an inaccessible mountain, and his name should be-

come the theme of social enquiry, there are many who would loquaciously give his history, though they never had his acquaintance; and the bulk of mankind would eagerly give currency to a chain of falsehoods, fabricated by officiousness, and endorsed by slander.

These observations occurred to me after an interview, to which I had the honour of being admitted, with His Royal Highness, on whom I waited for the purpose of proffering my thanks for the commission he had done me the favour to grant, in a country which was ignorant of my history, and which had no claims on me. I was also the better able to appreciate his official virtues, because I was particularly acquainted with those of his predecessor, Lord Amherst, and was instantly struck by the contrast on His Royal Highness's addressing the first word to me.

The Duke of York is totally opposite to Lord Amherst in all his features of

action, The Duke is manly in his deportment, and daring in his measures; the Lord was haughty in his demeanour, and little in his measures. The Duke nobly meets his foe, and endeavours to destroy him; the Lord sneaked behind his foe, and laboured to circumvent him. The Duke acknowledges himself to be influenced by the nobler passions of our nature; the Lord wished to recommend himself by conveying the idea that he was superior to passion. The Duke is friendly to genius; the Lord was evidently jealous of contemporary merit. The Duke is direct; the Lord was circuitous. The Duke is the patron of the whole army; the Lord patronized a party, and the relatives of great men. The Duke gives away every commission lost in the field; which was very far from being the practice of his Lordship.

By such a Commander-in-Chief, it naturally followed, that I was received with much kindness, and sensibility to

the distracted condition of my affairs: so much so, in fact, that he condescended to enter into a new detail of them, and finding that it might be unpleasant or dangerous for me to go to the depôt at the Isle of Wight, previously to my embarkation for Canada, he had the great goodness to grant me permission to proceed by what route I thought proper; and dismissed me, not only with expressions of friendship, but with a sum of money from his private purse sufficient to pay for my equipment, and to meet the exigencies of so long a route.

It is reasonable to think that I should have left England now with joy in my countenance, and gratitude in my heart: but this was far from being the case. On the contrary, I took handsome lodgings in Little Ryder Street, St. James's, and had my table served with as much address and skill as if it was under the conduct of Lebeck in old times, or Daubigny in modern manners. This fastidi-

ous folly was not to be attributed to the munificence of the Duke, but to the death of my father; who, notwithstanding his war with me during life, had the greatness of mind to forgive me on his death-bed, and to leave me upon an equality with the most beloved of his children. I was willed the effective sum of four hundred pounds, a contingent interest in three hundred, and an entailed joint claim on my mother's estates, amounting to eighty pounds a-year. If not indiscriminately prodigal at this period of pecuniary success, I was at least morally generous. I associated with many young men of fashion in the west end of the town: I read their characters with as much accuracy as Bruyere; and scorned all those who were uncandid, unfeeling, or unjust. Those sensualities in which I indulged, and which youth and constitution rendered venial, never estranged me from the recollection that every man feasts, like Damocles, with

the sword of ruin suspended over him by the fine spun thread of destiny. The pageantries of life, and the bubbles of vanity, should be held nearly as contemptible by all those, who feel properly that the funeral of the body may be immediate to its agency in error.

I despised those struggles of the vulgar for promotion in life, who can only resort to the practice of insolence for the powers of distinction. As I borrowed my superior claims to social respect from heaven, I disdained the idea of being arranged as the slave of those local honours which may be equally administered to the idiot, the villain, and the truly noble. No man will seek to acquire dignity from external splendour, who can retire within himself, and strengthen his own felicity by his own reflection. As the natural world is beautifully subservient to the moral, so is the gorgeousness of a valuable man only secondary to the tenor and attributes of his being. I knew well

how to make a due estimate of the durable and the transient, and adhered wisely to those comforting principles, which the favour of princes cannot establish, or the operations of calamity overthrow.

In language less hyperbolical—while my money lasted, I appeared to brighten humanity. I formed a relative confederacy between the different spheres of the imagination and the prescriptions of science. The lawless fancy of Lucretius was often rejected for the more calm champions of moral excellence. But no sooner did my friends begin to decline, than I saw the necessity of shaking off the delusions which were again pressing me down to the kennels of disappointment, distress, and despair. Like some beneficial preparation in chymistry, what I was to be, in the conclusion, was not universally understood. By the unexpected amelioration of my fortunes, my passions had been hastily thrown into the resolving crucible of action, when

the fire was too intense and too consuming. The gradual simmerings, proper for the healthful combinations of warring particles, were not attended to, and much was to be apprehended from a mixture of such heterogeneous and discordant matter. The only expectation, that remained for me, was from the possession of an undaunted spirit. I was unconscious of dread in any situation, however perilous.

CHAP. XIV.

The Caries, the Clarkes, the Hangers, the Lades, become his Companions and Associates. — He seeks Promotion through Mrs. Clarke.—Mary Anne baits her Hook according to the Nature of her Fish.—He obtains a Diamond Necklace on credit for her.—She promises him a Company.—Her Deception is discovered to his cost.

THE Proverbs of Solomon, and the maxims of the Duc de la Rochefoucault, are equally founded in wisdom and truth. These trite sayings are highly respectable. There is an old French adage, "Dis moi ce que tu hantes, je te dirai qui tu es," which, in English, signifies, "tell me the company you keep, and I will tell you what you are."

If so, how was I to be judged of, or what prospect had I, when on the decay of my means, I declined in the quality of my associates. Let us enquire

who were my chosen companions, and confidential intimates. They were creatures, with whom a man of morality, or even common propriety, could not associate: persons of the most profligate and licentious cast.—The Broomes, the Williams, the Lades, the Hangers, as men: the Clarkes, the Careys, the Robinsons, as females.

The only clue to guide my judgment was the depraved opinions of these fashionable vagrants. To the opinion of the first, of the name of Broome, I paid the utmost implicit obedience; and as he pledged himself to obtain for me, through a certain channel, the rank of captain in the army, I was in a manner compelled to attend him to the gaming-houses, and to all the places of public amusement, dissipation, and licentiousness. In the course of a few months, during which I had been introduced into the system of vice, or, as my guide called it, I had lived in style, he took me to a jeweller's in Saint James's

Street, Mr. Peter Charman, now residing in Piccadilly, corner of Albemarle Street; and after presenting me to Mr. Charman as his most particular friend, thus addressed him:—"My dear Charman, you know Mary Anne Clarke—she is in your books—I see her chariot at your door every day—pray tell me what gew-gaw or toy has she now a passion for?"

It was very easy to understand from Mr. Charman's reply, that Broome was correct both in his information and in his conjectures. When Mr. Charman stated that a diamond necklace which he possessed, and which he valued at three hundred pounds, was what Mrs. Clarke admired most extravagantly, and seemed most anxious to obtain, Broome told him that it was important he should wait upon her with it, and proffer it to her as a present, on a certain condition, which he should name to him and explain. Mr. Charman appeared to attend to his suggestion, and the

other proceeded:—"You must know," said he, "my poor friend Ashe, after a dozen years' hard service, is no more than an ensign in a fencible regiment. Do you take your diamond necklace to Mrs. Clarke, and tell her that it is at her service, if she will undertake to promote our friend Ashe from his ensigncy in the Fencibles, to a company in a regular regiment of foot: and I," added Broome, still addressing himself to Mr. Charman, "will give you my bills, indorsed by Ashe, for the three hundred pounds, payable in two and three months. I also refer you to Mr. Samuel Williams, a most eminent merchant, residing in Finsbury Square, and he will assure you of my capacity and disposition to discharge any contract, to which I may lend my name."

Mr. Charman is a man of great good nature and much sensibility. He felt for my situation, and told Broome, that if he could possibly serve me without

injuring himself, he would take great pride and pleasure in doing so. Saying this, and making many other friendly protestations, he begged us to call again, and we should find his mind made up to some definite line of conduct. We left him, and Broome felicitated himself on my promotion with as much confidence and zeal as if the king's commission for a captaincy had been absolutely put into my pocket.—Our next measure was to proceed to Mr. Grey of Gray's Inn, and get him to make a transfer of my interest, under my father's will, with the exception of the four hundred pounds, which was nearly consumed, in favour of Broome, and in lieu of the three hundred pounds, which were to be paid by him on my account to Charman.

I fell into these measures, and dropped into the lap of this delusion with the more facility, because I was one of those who believed that Mrs. Clarke carried it with a high hand (as the common

phrase is) over the Duke of York, and made him subservient to her desires, however ambitious and extravagant they might prove to be. The reader will remember that Mrs. Clarke was then, in the year 1805, at the summit of her domination and power. In the regions of Cytherea, nothing was talked of but the Duke's new favourite. Her costume, her person, her conversation, her manners, all were so many models of taste; and woe to the luckless fashionable who should have hoped for fame, whether from the diction of an essay, or the ton of a kid slipper, in devotion, or in dimity, a problem or a petticoat, unless it received some colour of its claims from the irradiating genius of this despotic divinity. When she took an airing in her curricle, duration in the Park was at an end, and the operations of nature were suspended; save that the winds crept in undulations around her car, and some cloud attended her as a

parasol. The Duke, it was said, made a merit of doing the most outrageous things at her suggestion. Had she expressed a wish for one of the pyramids, it is said that he would have sent Sir Robert Wilson to Egypt to contract for it. At a single word she might have transformed Oatlands into a desert, and the Horse-Guards into stables. If the Thames offended her, he would have changed its course at Fulham, and rolled it through a different channel into the sea. At the Opera, which she condescended to visit, she employed a constant succession of messengers. The sweetest air in Europe must be repeated; or the divinest dancer must again exhibit some pathetic movement, or some eloquent attitude. Her caprice, which in the city was deemed madness, was at Saint James's denominated velocity of sensation.

What nonsense! What blind fatality! When I came to see this woman in my

waking and lucid moments, how different was my opinion of her! The gaudy Paphian! She thinks, and she always thought that living in style is the summit of all human happiness; and that doing things in style, is evinced by her being bedizened like a French doll, and beplumed like a bird of Paradise. She deemed all labour derogatory, though allured by vice from a washerwoman's tub. Her delight was in publicly taking her coffee at the theatre, and her supper at the Bedford; in a sedulous imitation of Fanny Hill, and pampering some low rascal in a corner with the wages of her iniquity;—in buying her shoes from Taylor, her manteaus from Hoffman, and her caps from Beauvais; in parading Bond Street in white satin slippers after a shower, and riding when the atmosphere was serene and exhilarating.

Hapless inconstant! Thus was she deluded, and thus ingulphed, till the

bright scene changed, and the skies lowered. In the place of being her dupe, I should have been a prophet to her. I should have said, in the very meridian of her glory, that the dice of fortune would be eventually unpropitious to her; that she would lose, and throw again and again without a main; that she would betray and dishonour her illustrious protector, be discarded by him, and cast into a dungeon by a clamorous mercer: that there she would become wretched, ragged, and diseased; be vomited from its foul confines by an act of insolvency; turn erratic prowler, for the appetites of the bestial, and finally perish, with a sentiment of blasphemy, in some inclement night, beneath a hulk, unpitied, and unknown.

No condition in life is perfectly secure; nor any force of genius or of knowledge beyond the reach of justice or the blows of fortune. Persons of the most distinguished eminence, as well as the most mean and contemptible, are often in the

most danger, at the time they consider themselves safest; as strong towers are sometimes taken on those sides that are thought impregnable, and therefore undefended or little regarded.

The infelicities, which have attended me, are attributable to the success which generally crowned my speculative enterprizes. Success intoxicated my reason, and rendered me careless when to attempt and when to resist. A thirst for popularity also blinded me; made me conceive myself omnipotent, and hindered me from acknowledging that the decrees of heaven are not in the hands of individuals, but wrapped up in the clouds, hidden in the dark recess of future events, and far from the eyes of mortal man.

Alas! How much did I deceive myself, and how much was I deceived! However, not to anticipate, I shall proceed to the circumstances that progressively occurred. Mr. Charman was satis-

fied with the security and reference of my friend Broome, and he no longer hesitated in presenting the diamond necklace to Mrs. Clarke, subject to the obligation of her influencing the Duke, her illustrious protector, to grant me a company in a regular regiment, and in a given time. Well! The bijou was given and accepted; the obligation entered into with Mr. Charman; and a letter was exhibited, said to be from His Royal Highness the commander-in-chief, stating that, "my angel, Mary Anne, may rest assured of Ensign Ashe's being promoted to a captaincy in the 45th foot, in the course of a very few days."

This short note was the dawn of a new life: it set me free from the shackles of despair. I looked abroad with rapture—I saw an Elysian region open before me, so variegated with beauty, and so stored with pleasure, that my care was rather to accumulate good than to shun evil. I stood distracted at different forms of de-

light; and had no other doubt than which path to follow; for all led equally to the bowers of happiness and repose. Among other pleasing errors of these illusions, was the opinion I took up of my own importance. From the moment I read the note, purporting to be from His Royal Highness, I conceived all eyes to be turned upon me, and imagined every one that approached me to be an enemy or a follower, an admirer or a spy. I laboured under but one apprehension. The 45th might be ordered to Ireland, or its officers might hear something to my disadvantage in England; and then, what would become of all my boasted ambition and vainglory?

To avert a calamity so shameful, and abundant in evil, I came to the extraordinary resolution of waiting upon Colonel Gordon at the Horse-Guards, and of explaining to him why I should prefer a company in a regiment destined for foreign or colonial service, to one in a

corps likely to remain in the British Isles. It required but a small portion of penetrative capacity, to discover that the colonel was lost in astonishment at my conduct, and that he was calculating whether I was partially or habitually mad. When he was in some measure restored to his own reflection, and to a certainty of my mental health, he made me enter into a detail of the history of my fancied promotion; and to convince me the more that it was all a scandalous imposition, or a daring hoax, he took me immediately into the presence of the Commander-in-Chief, and commanded me to recapitulate all I had related to him. Previously to this, however, His Royal Highness, the instant he saw, recognised me; and, with much surprise and irritation, exclaimed: —"What, Sir! I thought you would have been, long before this time, with your regiment in Canada! What! have you been squandering away the advance I made to redeem you from peril and dis-

tress; and—and, what do you want now? What do you expect I can do for you? What do you expect can be done for a man who does nothing for himself, and who wishes rather to remain a beggar in fact, and a vagabond in principle, than to act as becomes a brave soldier and an honest man?"

I was so overwhelmed with these reproaches, that it was with great difficulty, and not till after reiterated commands, that I confessed what I wished for, and what was the cause of my not being with my regiment abroad. While stammering out these confessions, the anger and indignation of the Duke were, at every word, dreadfully manifest. He spurned me from him as he would a viper or wild beast. He inveighed against me and against Mrs. Clarke in the very paroxysm of desperate antipathy, arraigning my folly, and denouncing her as infamous. His forehead became moistened with wrath, and he only ceased to revile me

and his protegée, to wipe the issue from his humid brow. Assuming at length the white veil of humanity, and being prevailed upon by Colonel Gordon to consider me more in the light of a dupe, than in that of a sturdy vagrant, or speculative impostor, he dismissed me with an assurance of his forgiveness, but, at the same time, with a strict injunction to repair to my regiment in North America, and never more embark in schemes so ruinous to my welfare in life, and so adverse to his own ideas of rectitude and honour.

The impression of sterling truth and of wounded pride was so strong and so evident in the words, the manner, and the features of His Royal Highness, that I left his presence with a full conviction of his entire ignorance as to the conduct of Mrs. Clarke, while I plainly perceived that she was a woman capable of pledging herself to any engagement, however impracticable, which would secure to her

the possession of a diamond necklace, or a brilliant ring. Inconsiderate and ungratéful woman! The Royal Duke raised her from debasement and scorn to a scale of felicity, chaced poverty from her mansion, and misery from her heart. Thus constituted, and thus fed, she pretended that she enjoyed an indefinite influence, and sold that presumption in a manner the best calculated to shake, as far as in her agency lay, the credit and nobleness of the princely author of all her own good.

To return to simplicity from corruption in an instant, is a retrograde motion in the mind, of which history cannot furnish an example. I was for some time so brutalized and stupid, that I knew not what part to act. In this state I had the folly to call on, and remonstrate with Mrs. Clarke. She laughed at me as a gulled and credulous fool; snapped her fingers in my face, and finished the insidious procedure.

I now repaired to Mr. Charman: he heard my fate with astonishment, and confessed that I was a very injured man, adding, that he had been more deceived by Mrs. Clarke than he had ever before been by any person since his knowledge of business. It is due to Mr. Charman to observe, that he was caught in the snare quite as completely as myself, for he not only parted with his diamond necklace, but he gave me credit for jewellery and military appointments to the amount of one hundred and seventy pounds, on the strength and score of my promotion in the army, through the interposition of Mrs. Clarke, exceeding all our most sanguine hopes. Thus I became immolated by the direct means, which all the ambitious would exercise in similar circumstances. Reader! what miserable sensations it excites to look back upon the history of my life, and observe what few and short intervals of peace and reason it affords!

CHAP. XV.

The Dupe is driven to Canada.—He is sent on the recruiting Service, which he neglects.—Embarks in the Fur Trade.—Is successful.—Repairs to Head-Quarters, imagining that he has at length snatched himself from the Jaws of Fate.

THE man who is, as it were, his own Creator, and forces the passes of public life, excites and interests public curiosity in a peculiar degree. There are, in truth, few objects of speculation more pleasing to a liberal mind, than a person, who is winning his way from obscurity to fortune, by the force of his own merit.

The pleasure which arises from viewing the natural efforts of genius, rising from one degree of excellence to another, is always great.

That tide, "which taken at the height,

leads on to fortune," continually, however, escaped my fond attention, although I might have been often borne by its flood to all I wished in honour, wealth, and greatness; but being unable to recover the transient opportunities, it appeared that I must sigh out the rest of my days, in a comparative degree of unmerited obscurity; while others of my acquaintance, without ambition, without attention, without expectation, and sometimes with very slender pretensions to merit, found, as it were, obtrusive opportunities of embracing fortune wherever they turned.

Thus it is, that "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;" and what may appear still more extraordinary, that there is not always bread for men of skill and understanding. All rational nature must feel the allotments of time and chance—all persons are compelled to acknowledge the force of their particular influence. These al-

lotments were peculiarly manifest to me soon after my repulse at the Horse-Guards, and the total failure of the engagements entered into with Mrs. Clarke; for, in consequence of these circumstances, as well as of my debt to Mr. Charman, and my orders to join my regiment without an hour's delay, I instantly left London for Portsmouth, and proceeded to Canada by the first ship that sailed. On my arrival at Quebec, the head-quarters of the Canadian regiment, the allotments of time and chance, which I allude to, were painfully conspicuous. Colonel Peters was an obscure Scotchman, destitute of military knowledge and family rank; Lieutenant-Colonel Shank had but lately emancipated from a very low situation near the city of Glasgow; and Major Robertson had lived in a menial capacity at Ayr, but six years previously to his promotion in the regiment in which I was an ensign, and even the last on the list.

There was something in these allotments of fortune so excessively revolting to my feelings, that I had thoughts of throwing up my commission, and seeking for bread in some walk of life where humiliation and contempt would not be so forcibly seen, or so severely felt. While meditating on this measure, I was ordered on the recruiting service. I rejoiced at the order, because it withdrew me from the observation of the public, and placed me at a distance from the rest of the officers, whom, in the very nature of things, I either envied or despised. This service was also rendered more agreeable to me, as the recruiting district was left to my own choice, and as I, therefore, should have no superior to controul my conduct, or to wound my pride.

So circumstanced, and with such feelings, I gladly made my election of an obscure and very distant territory. It was the usual hunting ground of the sa-

vages and chasseurs of the North-West Company, and was, without exception, the most uncultivated and romantic portion of all British America. My party consisted of a drummer, a soldier-servant, and a corporal. As on my departure for the Patuxant, I provided myself with a good dog, a capital rifle, and ammunition and sporting equipments of every kind. Unacquainted with so long and intricate a journey, I attached my party to a company in the fur trade, and was five months before I reached the seat of my final destination. This will not be wondered at, when it is known that the place I had chosen was nearly midway between the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean, and not less than two thousand miles from Quebec in Lower Canada.

It may be said, "What a strange place for the conduct of the recruiting service!" I honestly allow that it was never in my contemplation to raise a single man. My experience abhorred the very

idea. The difficulties, and the ruin, which followed my efforts to raise the Cheshire Fencibles for Colonel Courtenay, gave me a strong distaste to that line of duty. I chose the north-west territory, because it would take me beyond the observation of head-quarters, and because I longed to explore a country which gave birth to all the great wealth and prosperity to be seen both in Quebec and at Montreal. Perhaps it is honester to declare, that, from the moment of my arrival in America, I became, once again, a professed visionary, and instead of looking to the pages of the Red Book for military promotion, I was busily employed in studying the fur trade, and in tracing the footsteps of Sir Alexander M'Kensie from the mouth of Saint Lawrence to the confines of Nootka Sound.

To these purposes I made the recruiting service subservient. The drummer became my housekeeper and cook, while my corporal and servant attended me

daily to the chase, and assisted me to procure and preserve those furs, on the sale of which my future fame and fortunes were to depend.

My mode of life among the Indian and Canadian hunters was nearly similar to that which I led with the settlers on the head-waters of the Patuxant, and its consequences were the same. Accommodating myself to the ordinary contemplations of a demi-savage, I acquired a factitious light, a dark and dangerous philosophy. I grew more and more averse from propriety and wisdom; I shunned the study of moral and religious subjects; I became indifferent to virtue, while I acquired an encreased and morbid sensibility for those vices, which were at once brutal and uncivilized. In short, my whole frame and constitution were impaired; and although for awhile I yielded only to pursuits which I deemed innocent, I possessed neither the dispo-

sition nor the power to contend with temptation, which, therefore, obtained an easy triumph over the feeble remains of virtue, that languishingly survive the prevalence of low and vulgar habits. The life I led not only palsied the moral sense, but it also extinguished the sentiments which alone can quicken that sense, and which are the very guardians and supporters of morality. Consisting entirely in savage enjoyments, it destroyed the nature of man as a social being, by rendering his dispositions low and sensual. It emptied my heart of the domestic affections, by making it indifferent to every thing but the satisfaction of its own cravings.

I must do myself, notwithstanding, the justice to observe, that in the line of life and conduct I pursued, I had a motive which I thought correct, and an object in view of high importance, if I could reduce it within reach, or see it happily accomplished. My view was to realize

from one to two thousand pounds by the furs I should possess; and my object was to purchase a company, by means of these funds, and then keep in the path of a majority, which never ceased to be the desire dearest to my heart. With such a view, and such an object, I could not be demoralized to such a degree as to remain among the hunters of the North-West Company any time after the completion of the business which induced me to associate with them. Independent of this, I had another strong argument for repairing to the head-quarters of my regiment. The extreme severity and length of the winter rendered it impracticable to return as soon as I ought; and, in consequence of the distance, as well as the want of communication, I had no means of making my reports, or of stating the excuses necessary to justify my absence or delay. The return of spring, and the successful issue of my scheme, facilitated my return; and in

three months I reached Montreal, with the furs which I and my party had accumulated, and which I sold for somewhat more than eleven hundred pounds. I now set off for Quebec, resolved to purchase a captaincy, and to have it said that I forced the passes of public life, and snatched myself once again from the jaws of fate.

CHAP. XVI.

His military Ambition is frustrated.—He is superseded by the Duke of York.—Sir John Johnstone patronises him.—He assumes the Character of a Naturalist, and scorns a Soldier's Life.—Indian Tradition augments the Spirit of Virtuosoship.—He goes in quest of Mammoth Remains.

As the waves of the ocean, when impelled by different winds, advance and recede alternately, so does the mind of a man, not acting upon sound principles, fluctuate from one side to another, as if it were agitated by some internal tempest.

I had been long actuated by various impulses; and after the sale of my furs at Montreal, at length determined on not going to Quebec, but contented myself with writing to Lieutenant Colonel Shank, and reporting to him that I found it im-

possible to raise any men; that my unusual delay, in the north west territory, was occasioned by the severity and length of the winter, and that, with my recruiting party, I waited his instructions how and where to proceed. The reply to this was that Colonel Shank, hearing nothing of, or from me, had, six months before, reported my conduct to the Duke of York, and that His Royal Highness had been pleased to supersede me in one of the ensuing Gazettes.

Confounded as I was at this procedure, which blasted all my military hopes, still I could not complain or remonstrate against it. Could I have expected, in fact, any greater degree of lenity? I was absent fifteen months, during which time no account of me or my party had ever reached head-quarters; and when I returned, I had not with me a single recruit. I had in the native constitution of my mind a mild, yet exquisite sensibility, assuming almost

the character of morbid delicacy, and a wildness of fancy delighting in associations, such as sober judgment will not always approve. But these qualities, mingled in fervid enthusiasm, were strikingly expressed in my principles and conduct, after I was fully convinced that the army was no longer a life to be pursued. Content and cheerfulness were depicted in my face. Pleased with the certainty of that transaction, and flattered with the prospect of success in some other undertaking, I soon had still higher gratifications in view than those of a soldier; and I lulled my disappointed feelings with this happy reflection,—that as the sun of my life declined from its meridian, it would pursue its course unclouded by misfortune, and the evening of my old age would close in serenity and peace.

For a short time I gave myself up to idleness as to a pleasure. This I soon repented; for an indolent man may be

compared to a rusty time-piece—how much excellent machinery is thrown away to no purpose! Let any one reflect for a moment of what the mind of man, a machinery of divine workmanship, is capable, and, having made his reflection, let him think what he must merit, who, having such a piece of machinery in charge, can suffer it to consume itself in its own rust, and be useless both to himself and to others. Such indolence is, in fact, an intoxication, which at once destroys both body and mind.

To avoid this danger, I passed day after day, and no day was welcome but such as brought a new pursuit, an object worthy the full occupation of my mind. It is, indeed, truly astonishing, how various were my pursuits, how infinite my contrivances to occupy my time.—A naturalist, Sir John Johnstone, the Indian governor, happened to live in the neighbourhood of Montreal. Having made a most valuable collection of curiosities,

he was ambitious of exhibiting them; and among others, I had the privilege of examining them whenever it suited my disposition to call upon him. This simple circumstance soon became the arbiter of my destiny. It infused into me the passion of becoming a naturalist, and I pursued the study with a zest, and strength of spirits, which appeared equally energetic and inexhaustible.

I now rose betimes in the morning, to hunt the fields and ditches, and the shores of Saint Lawrence, for shells and bones; dug up the Indian barrows in search of tomahawks and spears, and expended one hundred and fifty pounds in excavating some tumuli, where it was said that some of the grandest specimens of human remains were to be obtained. I found a few skeletons, which proved to demonstration, that men were formerly at least one foot taller than they are at present, that the diminution of the size had followed the procession of the

equinoxes, and most probably had some secret connexion with these operations of nature. In this manner I consumed some time very pleasantly, and, as I thought, very usefully. In less than six months, I could enumerate and expatiate upon every instance in which the hand of the Deity is conspicuous. The minutest, as well as the largest objects; the mouse and the elephant; the humming bird and the ostrich; the aphis and the libellula; the aculeate pink and the mammiform whale; all were now familiar to me: and I could talk of them so eloquently and energetically, that Sir John Johnstone himself declared he took great pride in having so fortunately and so immediately infused into me the passion of becoming a naturalist.

The study of nature is both laudable and pleasing; but to be so, the study must have an object of some dignity and utility. Can any thing be more useless and more frivolous than a reasonable

being consuming his whole time in the investigation of a flower or a weed, for the purpose of ascertaining how many stamina or pistils it contains, and whether the daisy is of the masculine or feminine gender?

Fortunately for me, on my becoming a naturalist, these were my opinions; therefore I neither consumed my time nor my talents in this and similar follies. I wasted not a single moment in the investigation of the sex of an oyster or a muscle; nor did I read Doctor Darwin's "Loves of the Plants," because I thought there was no book in our language which contained so many idle verses, and on such an idle subject.

After the first elements of my study, my curiosity took a wider range; and, in gratifying its utmost cravings, it promised to crown my pursuits with dignity and utility — dignity, in making my name known throughout all the nations of the earth; and utility, by forming a fortune out of the objects of my intended re-

search. I must here observe that I had become acquainted with several Indian dialects, and had made much progress in the interpretation of their hieroglyphics, as well as in the version of their songs and traditionary tales. Of the latter, the following is the most extraordinary and deserving of attention:

"Ten thousand moons ago, when nought but gloomy forests covered this land of the sleeping sun; long before the pale men, with thunder and fire at their command, rushed on the wings of the wind to ruin this garden of nature; when nought but the untamed wanderers of the woods, and men as unrestrained as they, were the masters of the soil; a race of animals were in being, huge as the frowning precipice, cruel as the bloody panther, swift as the descending eagle, and terrible as the angel of night.

"The pines crashed beneath their feet, and the rivers shrunk when they quenched their thirst. The forceful

javelin in vain was hurled, and the barbed arrow fell harmless from their side. Forests were laid waste at a meal; the groans of expiring animals were heard; and whole villages, inhabited by men, were destroyed in a moment. The cry of universal distress extended even to the regions of peace in the west, and the Good Spirit interposed to save the unhappy.

"The forked lightning gleamed all around, and loudest thunder racked the globe. The bolts of heaven were hurled upon the cruel destroyers alone, and the mountains echoed with the bellowings of death. All were killed except one male, the fiercest of the race; and him even the fury of the skies assailed in vain. He ascended the bluest summit that shades the source of many waters, and, roaring aloud, bade defiance to every vengeance. The red lightning scorched the lofty firs, and rived the knotty oaks, but only glanced on the enraged monster. At

length, maddened with disdain, he leaped over the waves of the Ohio and the Wabash, and, at this moment, reigns the uncontrouled monarch of the wilderness, in despite even of Omnipotence himself."

The curiosity, excited by this strange tradition, was considerably augmented by every inquiry subsequently made. I shall make a rapid sketch of the result of my earliest inquiries. It is now ninety years ago, since the first remains of the stupendous animal, alluded to in the Indian tradition, were found in America. They then were thought to be those of a giant. The formation of the teeth, the under jaw, and the singularity and size of the bones, with the difficulty of discovering what part they performed in the animal machine, led to this egregious error; and it was augmented by that disposition to the marvellous which emigration ever encourages mankind to feel. This absurd idea gave way to one not

more sound. These remains were called extraneous fossils by some; by others, mineral substances. However, but few years elapsed, before numerous attempts were made by all nations to procure a satisfactory collection of bones. At length a Mr. Peel, of Philadelphia, imagined he had accomplished this great object. He dug up a parcel of bones in Ulster county, in the state of New York, formed them into a skeleton, and dignified it with the name of Mammoth, a Russian term, from Memoth, which is derived from the Arabic Mehemot, signifying the Behemoth of Job. This word is applied to any animal of extraordinary magnitude; for instance, Fyhl is the Arabic appellation for an elephant of ordinary size, but when of uncommon volume, the adjective *mehemodi* is always added.

Conscious of the importance of the subject, and of the erroneous opinion which had been entertained respecting

these stupendous animal remains, I firmly resolved to bend my mind designedly to that particular investigation, and to make strict researches for such materials as I knew to be necessary for the foundation of abstract truth or reasonable hypothesis.

CHAP. XVII.

The attractive Power of Curiosity urges the Naturalist on.—He drinks of the Waters in which the Mammoth quenched his Thirst.—He obtains the Object of his most ardent Prayers.—Arrives at Liverpool with Twenty Thousand Pounds worth of Organic Remains.—Dreams of becoming a Great Man.—The Custom-House Locusts assail him.—He is filled with Dismay and Horror.

THE attractive power of curiosity operates with almost infinite force upon such a character as on enthusiastic naturalist. Every kind of information is greedily coveted by him, even to tearing the veil that covers the sacred retreat of the dead, and which ought to remain undisturbed in the silent abode of eternal obscurity. Those, who are prompted to the perusal of these sheets, by the thirst of such a passion, will find the gratification they merit.

While acting under the influence of this curiosity, the critical and philosophical remarks, which I met with on the stupendous bones, excited my enthusiasm, but did not satisfy my judgment; for the authors of such remarks were deficient in materials, and possessed sufficient only to lead them into various beautiful visions, but to no salutary or solid fact. From the same cause, the celebrated Doctor Hunter, and many others, wasted infinite science on some favourite theory; and the world, from this wide and multifarious opinion, had to embrace now one delusion, and now another. Hence, some said the animal was carnivorous, others as strenuously asserted that it was herbivorous, graminivorous, or mixed; and, when wearied by the contest, mankind associated in one idea. The remains were called "mammoth bones," without any respect to the difference in their character, and the contrasted sensibilities which such difference generates and in-

spires. A species of commutation took place in the world, and teeth, tusks, hoofs, and claws, were pitched together to compose one animal, which served to confound both the ignorant and the wise.

Not content with this vulgar arrangement, and seeing, as I have said, the high importance of the subject, I abandoned Canada, and the scene of mere contention; patiently and laboriously visiting and exploring the regions where the object of disquisition and dispute was said to abound. I trod those plains he once devastated.—I drank of the water of those lakes in which he had once quenched his thirst.—I crossed the Apellactian and the Alleghany.—I descended the Ohio, the Illinois, the Wabash, the Missouri, and the Mississippi. I traversed the depths of the deepest vallies, and the summits of the highest mountains.—I sought out and discovered every theatre proper for the decision of the question; and I at length obtained the full completion of my

wish, the ardent object of my prayer; a grand collection of stupendous bones, appertaining to animals both carnivorous, herbivorous, and mixed, all of a volume exceeding, at least by six times, that of the elephant. Some of these remains denoted animals, gentle and sociable as the elephant, grazing freely with other beasts, whether wild or tame; while others expressed monsters, cruel, fleet, voracious, and capable of pouncing suddenly on their prey; furnished with carnivorous grinders to crash, and with claws to seize, rend, and destroy:—in fact, creatures of the tiger kind, endowed with every bloody and malignant property, and differing in every feature but bulk from the remains of the other stupendous animals, which had hoofs and horns in the place of tusks and claws.

Having so far accomplished my object, I turned my attention towards England, and was amply compensated for an immense expenditure of time, means, and

labour, in the fond contemplation of the honours which awaited my return, and in the gratifying view of the large sums, which I should annually receive from the exhibition of my wonderful and gigantic subjects of natural curiosity. That the reader may have a correct idea of my toil, anxiety, labour, and danger, in this immense undertaking, I shall here sketch a description of my departure from Pittsbourgh, with a view of descending the Ohio, and the other waters I have before named. Having provided myself with a proper boat, utensils, arms, provisions, and servants, I turned into the stream, and found the scene, from the land journey I had just taken, instantaneously changed, and peculiarly grand. In ten minutes I got into the confluence of the Monongahala and Alleghany waters. For half an hour, I steered my boat in this confluence, being able to dip up whitish water on one side, and perfectly green on the other. The hills on the starboard

side were upwards of one thousand two hundred feet high, those on the larboard somewhat less lofty; each clothed with sumptuous and unceasing timber from the base to the summit, the garb of many thousand years; each tree perishing in an imperceptible progression, and each as imperceptibly renewed; the whole and the individual still appearing the same, always conveying a grand idea of the power and munificence of Nature, and the immutability of all her works.

This view was sufficient to lead the mind into a serious contemplation, which assumed the character of melancholy, when I reflected on the endless scenes of the same nature, only more pregnant with danger, vicissitude, and death, through which I had to pass. The river, for nine hundred miles, with the exception of a few intervals, chosen in general for the seats of towns and farms, is bounded by lofty banks and high mountains, which shed a gloom on its surface, and convey

less pleasurable sensation than that of sublimity and surprize. I reflected, too, that I was lengthening the chain of all my former friendships; that I was to pass through countries where disease attacked man in a variety of new and alarming shapes; that I was to proceed finally to New Orleans, where fate demands uniformly nine out of ten visitants, and that, should I escape this destiny, I should still be six thousand miles from home, and have, in that distance, to meet with other numerous dangers, presenting themselves under every form that could manifest a terrific appearance. To these reflections I had to add those which arose from the apprehensions of not succeeding in my views, and, after the loss of all my fortune, being laughed at as an inhabitant of the clouds, ignorant how to subsist in the social circles of civil life. But no disappointments attended my steps: I made a magnificent collection of stupendous bones: I conquered every difficulty

that lay in my way; arrived at New Orleans, and embarked for Liverpool, with six tons weight of the first-rate curiosities ever heard of, carefully packed on board. To acquire them, I spent the whole of my eleven hundred pounds, and traversed countries, and navigated waters, to the extent of ten thousand miles.

Long has the greater part of mankind laboured under difficulties, which might have been avoided by an acquaintance with the discoveries of travellers and philosophers.

During the study of most sciences, we notice improvements unknown to the majority of the people; and in no one have these become more conspicuous than in the study of natural history; particularly that portion of it to which I bent all my capacities and powers, and which relates to the extinct animals of the immense and interesting continent of America.

So considerable was my proficiency in

this branch of knowledge, and so magnificent was the collection of natural curiosities I had acquired, that I entered the port and harbour of Liverpool with a pride of heart, and exaltation of mind, not easily to be conceived. I had now evidently succeeded in life; my fame was established, my fortune made. It remained for me to repose on "a bed of roses," and to have no other employ than that of receiving the award due to a man of such undaunted courage, and unwearied research.

Short and interesting was my passage: indeed, it was principally occupied in the composition of Memoirs on my Mammoth bones, and in forming a plan for the establishment of a museum in London, where the skeletons of my superb incognita were to take the principal lead. I say the principal lead, because I had also collected in America several cases of non-descript curiosities, petrifactions, organic remains, &c. &c. all of which were

eminently adapted to constitute a cabinet of the first distinction in the world, and consequently capable of commanding the admiration and patronage of all the enlightened characters of the age in which it should be framed.

It was my intention to make choice of a beautiful place of exhibition; and, in the arrangement of my subjects, to let nature and art go hand in hand. There was to be no studied regularity, no perpetual sameness, but there was to reign throughout an easy simplicity of manner, a certain agreeable disorder, which, as it would resemble nature in its beauty, was to resemble it also in its use. Every thing was to vary according to varying habits, climates, and times. In my splendid museum, the reptile was to grovel in the dust; the insect repose on the leaf; the bird inhabit the grove; the beast prowl in the woods; the fish swim in the stream; the zebra travel in the sand; the monkey live upon the branch;

the lizard crawl upon the vine; the parrot rest upon his native palm; the scorpion bask in the sun, and the hissing serpent rise from the high grass, or the perforated stone. Nature, usefulness, elegant simplicity, were to take place of operose grandeur, studied ornament, or encumbered magnificence. The disposition of every thing was to be easy and natural, arising wholly out of the character of the objects, and not resulting from the torture of them. The interchanges of insect and reptile, bird and beast, mineral and vegetable, were to be adjusted with great art, so as best to relieve and set off each other, but not to violate the laws of nature; and whilst the eye was to be taken up with the various forms of unique and beautiful objects, the other faculties were to be as agreeably entertained by the delusion of the senses. The fragrance of exotic flowers was to be smelt, and the warbling music of Indian groves was to be heard, mixed with

the soothing softness of aquatic numbers.

Such were my views, my speculations, and my intentions, on my arrival in Liverpool: nor had I landed many hours before I returned to the vessel, where I claimed and paid for the freight of my invaluable cargo. But it seems there was an error in the bill of lading, which could only be corrected by a bill of view. I had unfortunately entered my curiosities under the head of "Organic Remains of a former World, &c. &c." Now this title was too vague or too diffuse for the custom-house officers, and they would not allow them to be sent on shore till a bill of view was taken out to ascertain what these organic remains absolutely were. Previously to the bill of view, five hundred pounds were also to be deposited as security for the payment of the duty on curiosities, whether of antediluvian or of existing times. The mode of levying the duty was this. After

the bill of view, I was to value the property by whatever name it should be called, and I was to pay thirty-five per cent. on my valuation; but if my valuation was not approved of, the Custom-house was to be at liberty to seize my property, and pay me ten per cent. over and above the amount of the estimate I was myself called upon to make. Reader! do remark the situation in which I was placed. If, unable to pay the thirty-five per cent. I undervalued the organic remains, the Custom-house was to be at liberty to seize them on the conditions before-named; and, if I valued them even so low as two thousand pounds, in order to secure them to myself after all my labour, anxiety, and expenditure of both time and means, I should thereby bring upon me a demand for seven hundred pounds, and at a time when I was not master of as many pence. Besides, in the first instance, there was the deposit of five hundred pounds to be made. But why should I enter into a

further detail? The reader must already perceive that the Custom-house officers drew their net after and around me in such a manner, that escape was impracticable, and even a compromise impossible to be formed. These convictions were too overwhelming: they destroyed that consistency of action which is the only true criterion of magnanimity and greatness of soul. The springs and principles of my mind broke down. During this awful visitation, all was dreadful in the extreme. Haughty, intrepid, and mad, I attended the Custom-house daily. I disdained and set all its officers at defiance; nay, after violent and obstinate engagements, which induced them to force me out of doors, I retreated fighting and blaspheming, always keeping my face to the enemy, and looking proud, great, and ferocious as the Mammoth, when known to be the terror of the forest and of man.

In this pitiable and condemned state, I consigned over the whole of my stu-

pendous collection of organic remains, &c. &c. to a Mr. Bullock, of the Liverpool Museum, for the miserable and contemptible sum of two hundred pounds, he engaging to extricate me from the Custom-house, by depositing the sum of five hundred pounds, and paying the thirty-five per cent. on a sum to be named by arbitration, after the bill of view was carried into official effect. Reader, such was the issue of the most extraordinary and interesting speculation that was ever undertaken by man. It made the fortune of Mr. Bullock, an entire stranger to me and to the design, and it left me a wretch in a state of mental darkness, that stripped the imagination of visible objects, rendered every object gloomy and melancholy, and made me incapable of feeling any other sensations but those of disappointment and despair, dismay and horror.

CHAP. XVIII.

A Vagabond in Appearance, and a Beggar in Fact, he again finds Refuge in the Arms of his Brother.—He pines in the Hot-bed of a City.—He remains in Bristol while he writes his Travels in America.

LIGHT, that restores the picture of nature, dissipates the gloom of darkness, and brings back joy along with it. It is so with the mind of the unfortunate; after residing in the black regions of despair, it naturally abhors a solitary state, and finds relief and enjoyment in a variety and succession of objects.

What is common to all the children of calamity, was also common to me. After emerging from the stagnant and putrid pool of desperation, into which the total failure of my colossal scheme had plunged and steeped me, I wandered

throughout England and Scotland, without any definite object. The view of nature was sufficient. It operated like a charm upon my imagination. At every step a new creation arose in the prospect, and enchantment cast her sweetest flowers around my head. On traversing the Highlands, I saw Ossian's heroes in action before me: when I began to read him, I found myself insensibly taken by the hand, and led where he had a mind to fix my attention. I again traversed his fields of action, and almost fought his battles. I entered the habitations of his personages; I became acquainted with every one on their first appearance; and my attention was as much engaged as if I were amongst my friends, and busied in the transactions of neighbours. Almost every thing I saw was a picture. But it is necessary to observe, that I was not so much moved by the exact picture of real life, or of objects, as I was by

the colouring and strokes they received from my own imagination.

To make myself understood, I must remark that there is a greater sensibility in an unhappy man than in any other. The happy and unhappy see the same objects, the same misfortunes, with very different feelings. Their descriptions may be equally exact with very different effects. The fortunate may find words, and a language tender and expressive of his feelings; while the unfortunate really paints passion, and affects our sensibility by the images of his own imagination.—The imagery of the mind or of nature, however, should not confuse the attention, or withdraw it from the main design of the life of man. But when did this profound and prudent reflection strike me? Alas! not till I had exhausted nearly the whole amount of my organic remains, and was awake to the conviction that I was on the eve of becoming a totally ruined and destitute man.

Directed by this deadly conviction, this frightful certainty, I found my way, without knowing my motive, to the city of Bristol, and was one day standing with folded arms at the Post-Office door, reflecting on the means of avoiding my destiny, when I beheld a person gazing on me with wonder and astonishment, and apparently studying who and what I was. At length our eyes met and fixed. The language of the heart was in them. In his it was expressed by characters of joy; in mine it was bathed in tears. We both remained silent. He took me by the arm with an affectionate violence; and as he led me into an unfrequented part of the adjoining Exchange, he asked with a voice, in which emotion and tenderness were manifest, whether it was true that I was Thomas—and that I had forgotten my brother Jonathan Ashe? This simple question affected me in a manner quite too powerful to become the object of expression,

We both raved and wept aloud. Had a stranger come in, he would have thought we were in the indulgence of a wild and abandoned sorrow.

I must here have the gratification of saying a few words respecting this good man, this best of brothers. His highly polished mind received its last classical embellishments in Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated and entered the church. In this measure his talents and disposition were not consulted; the gown impeded his course, and entangled his efforts. Guiding a senate, or heading an army, he would not have been less than Grattan, nor inferior to Wellington. Had he been brought up to arms like Wellington, success would have pursued his steps. Had he followed the law, like Shaftsbury, he would have had no enemy, and would have been found to administer justice with unbounded honours, and undivided applause. Had he been bred to politics, like Fox, in peaceable times he

would have been admired and loved; in days of ferment, like Pitt, he would have supported the tottering pillars of the state. But in the church, where talents are neglected, and where preferment is not the result of capacity, or the reward of a life spent with industry and praise, he can neither be of service to himself, nor of any considerable advantage to his country.—For, what is his situation even now in life?—That of a poor curate. It is true, indeed, that he ornaments the church by his talents, he improves her by his knowledge, and exalts her by his fame as an orator and divine, but still is he neglected by the great. The strong hand of patronage has never yet been stretched out to raise him above the lowest degree of his cloth; and there is every mortifying appearance that the last dregs of his valuable life will waste out in the miserable lap of a contemptible curacy: an event that will hereafter be deplored as an eternal stigma upon those

who hold dominion over the appointments of the church. The injustice of this conduct had no other effect on my brother than to induce him to remove from Dublin to Bristol, where a curacy was less odious to him than among friends and contemporaries, who would be inclined either to deplore or to ridicule his fate. As to the rest, the neglect of the world never altered his manners or his mind. Ever cheerful, ever benevolent, kind and humane, no person could ever suspect him to be a poor son of the church; and his manifold virtues cast such a lustre around his humble house, that the bright beams of wealth and comfort appeared to emanate from some talisman at his command.

Under the auspices of the love and esteem of this good brother, his amiable wife Mary, and his charming daughter Rebecca, I enjoyed, for the first time during fifteen years, that fraternal felicity, and those domestic scenes which recom-

pensed all my labours; extinguishing a sense of those difficulties and disappointments which I so lamentably experienced both in the acquisition, and the loss of all the numerous advantages of my life, but more particularly in those of my late stupendous collection of organic remains, and colossal bones.

What fools are they, who sacrifice a present good for a future contingency, and who consume, in thinking, those hours that were given us for enjoyments! But no passion can take such root as to last for ever in the human breast, and the brisker the flame it is always the less durable.

I had not basked in the sun-shine of my dear brother's hospitable house many months, before I began to feel that tiresome and disgusting sensation which is the consequence of uniformity, and to reflect, or rather to dream, on some measure of release from a happy and tranquil life. Whilst I was occupied in various

wild calculations, my brother regarded me as a tree which he wished to see shoot upwards, and to strike root downwards. His most anxious employment was to lop off from the trunk every infected or useless shoot, preserving only those branches which should render it beautiful and fertile, and which produce at the same time both fruit and flowers.

Labouring one day with more than ordinary zeal in this fraternal vocation, I stopped him abruptly short, and exclaimed, "My dear Jonathan, you are a truly good fellow, but your industry and care are entirely cast away upon me and lost. You mistake me. I am not a tree that can thrive in the slough of a city, or the sun of cultivation and ease. I am a mountain plant, that succeeds best upon a rock, battered by winds and rains." These remarks led to a long conversation, which terminated in this objection, how was I to be transplanted into any soil, sterile or fertile, without more means

than what were within our immediate controul? Accustomed to conquer difficulties, and in the habit of measuring my strength with the most gigantic opponents, I was not long before I reduced the importance of this objection, by proposing that I should write an account of my pursuits after the organic remains of the antediluvian world in America, and appropriate the proceeds to the execution of some plan, which would establish my fame and comfort to the conclusion of my eventful and chequered life.

This proposition obtained so much the approbation and concurrence of my brother, that he afforded me every encouragement, and pointed out to me a variety of lights by which a public writer should ever be guided. "Remember, my dear Tom," said this enlightened and learned brother, "in composing your American travels, that different subjects require different ornaments. A plain habit becomes a philosopher or an ecclesiastic,

but you may with great propriety dress a lady going to a ball in tissue and diamonds. You can hardly be too lavish of your roses on the mantle of spring; but you must leave the dreary heath its unvariegated dusky robe. Mixed images confound your view, and give you unformed separate parts, instead of just pictures. The passions must be governed with the same chastity. The language of the heart is plain, it is simple; it is expressed in a few unadorned words; but this simplicity, this plainness, is what men, who feel not the passions, find it difficult to paint. To persuade you of their emotion, they rave and bluster like young players. It is one of Shakespeare's faults, that, in the midst of his noblest distresses, he often introduces philosophical reflections and descriptions generally very beautiful, but ill-timed, and ill-placed. I do not take notice of this error to lower in your esteem this extraordinary genius, who knew human na-

ture better than all the philosophers put together, and has given juster pictures of it; but to guard you against the power of his charms, which are too apt to recommend his faults. My dear Tom, believe me, it is from a great man that we are to apprehend danger of being misled.

"Besides the striking beauties I mentioned, a writer of genius is always distinguished by a strong impression of his genius, and a propriety of colouring, which, from his peculiar character, animate his works. Ordinary writers repeat a language whose ideas have nothing particular to catch the attention: they are read, but become unobserved, like objects that we pass by in the dusk of the evening. But a great writer fixes the object of his imagination upon his thoughts. You see plainly that he does not repeat words which he learned, and are in every one's mouth, but ideas just as they lay in his mind.

"The mastery of a writer, and the compass of his genius, appear conspicuously in two points—the propriety and justness of the style, and the unbroken continuation and advance of his design from the beginning to the conclusion. By propriety of style, I do not mean an insipid evenness, and a murmur for ever returning upon the ear. The same waters glide gently through meadows, and fling themselves with tumult and bellowing over precipices. When in the course of a writer's subject he comes to lofty ideas, his tone of voice must become elevated and superior: or when he leads you to peaceful country prospects, his voice must be low like his reed; but, lofty or low, you must hear the same voice. The variations must not be like the strange transitions from a pipe to a clarinet, but, like the same instrument, perfectly in tune, that swells and falls into continued harmony. For the same reason he must avoid all harsh and forced

metaphors: they break the tenor; they disturb the view, and turn our thoughts upon the labour, not the genius of the writer. If we had proper expressions for every idea, metaphors would never have been thought of. It is necessity which gives them currency; and they should not be used but when they are stronger and clearer than any proper expression, and when they seem to drop off the imagination upon the paper.

"Independent of a justness of style, a writer who aims at perfection, and desires to leave a solid pleasure on the mind, never suffers his attention to stray from his design. He always proceeds forwards towards the goal, whether his pace be gently flowing, or impetuously rapid.—A view of separated or mutilated parts, however beautiful, leaves a sensible want in the mind, which is naturally delighted with seeing the complete and whole union of the design. It is also agreed upon, by most writers of good taste, that the beau-

ties of genius are only disposed with propriety when they adorn virtue; but the reason is not so generally understood. It is this, vice is for ever ignoble, and terminates in mundane gratifications; for which reason, that dress, which is formed by our ideas of beauty and grandeur, or by the noble sentiments that imply a superiority of soul, is manifestly misplaced in adorning vice, and is dishonestly stolen from the wardrobe of virtue. A love of sensuality cannot be noble or great, nor can any means, used to justify or to inculcate it, be virtuous. Wherefore, the beautiful language, sometimes made use of by late writers for this purpose, appears to be false and improper. When we read them, taste revolts against inclination, and discovers the impostor. In fine, the gay attire, bestowed on vice by genius, is like blooming garlands bound round a withered leafless tree."

In this classical and elegant manner did my excellent and learned brother dictate

to me some of the principal laws, which should govern him who writes with a view to instruct as well as to amuse. With the effulgence, then, of so conspicuous a star to guide me, I commenced my travels in America, conceiving that I could not possibly deviate from the course which my brother pointed out, and which led to the haven of literary fame, personal security, and future happiness. Now to come to the fact. In the circle of six months labour I accomplished the entire work in the familiar style of letters, carrying the reader along with me, and, as I thought, in a manner that could not fail to interest the politician, enlighten the statesman, inform the philosopher, and charm the naturalist. I explained the delusions that had been held up by fanciful or partial writers as to America, by which so many thousands had been misled; I furnished the lovers of nature with a variety of interesting information; and to the lovers of antiquity I presented objects of abso-

lute astonishment. The scientific and organic remains of the western world, which I brought forward to the public for the first time, were of a nature to create the deepest admiration. I also gave ample testimony that the fallen race, who now inhabit America, are the successors of men, who have been capable of architectural and other work that would do honour to any people or any age; and the remarkable antiquities, which I described, could not but induce a still more minute enquiry and investigation of objects so highly important to history and to society. On the day of completing what I called my grand work, my brother assembled such other relations of ours as were in Bristol, and prepared a little festival to celebrate my rising fame. Happy day! We sat down together at a board covered with the choicest dishes, which were prepared with all the skill of an Apicius. Joy and festivity prevailed throughout the company, and so far got the better of all for-

mer disputes and contests, that all seemed to love me perfectly, to unite in one sentiment, and to concur heartily in the praise and admiration of my work. My health was drank; my hand was shaken, and every success was wished me. My joy was increased to such a degree, that I was soon compelled to abandon the bottle, and to qualify its fervid effects by water, which appeared to me as if drawn from the fountain of Vaucluse.

CHAP. XIX.

His Travels finished, he repairs to London.—He finds the Booksellers like the Custom-house Officers of Liverpool.—Sacrifices his three Volumes.—Nothing remains to sweeten the Draught of Existence, yet the Lamp of Hope shines over his Head.—Another Delusion.

In the works of nature, worth and excellence are known to be vague and uncertain: what is beautiful in one country, is not so in another. How whimsical is the florist in his choice! Sometimes the tulip, sometimes the auricula, and at other times the carnation, shall engross his esteem; and every year a new flower, in his judgment, exceeds all the old ones, though it is much inferior to them both in colour, character, and shape.

In the works of literature, worth and excellence are much more precarious and

indeterminate. On my arrival in London, I discovered this lamentable fact to its greatest extent or most supreme degree. With my work under my arm I called upon upwards of twenty publishers and printers, but had the mortification of finding that it by no means either suited their taste, or the taste of the times. Messrs. Cadell and Davies preferred works on divinity and history; Longman, Hurst, and Co. published nothing but English classics, under the revision of Dr. Aikin; Law, Johnson, and Rivington, confined their business to school-books; Murray was occupied by authors who engrossed all his trade; Hatchett would have purchased my manuscript had it been called the "Spiritual Light-horse-man;" Budd thought that a work called "Beauty put to its Shifts" would sell better; Tegg would give me much more for a pamphlet to be named "Adultery Anatomized;" Wilson dealt only in such titles as "Lucky Disaster,

Merry Medley, Sally Sable," &c. &c.; and Allen and Jones were of opinion, that "The Secret Cabal, the Royal Cuckold, the Petticoat Privy Council," &c. were the only compositions that merited their regard. But what was afflicting and singular was, that although these publishers differed so widely in their general judgment, they all concurred in one idea, that "travels would not do," and more especially when the author was unknown. There was, however, one exception to this. After my manuscripts and my talents were undervalued, trampled upon, and apparently despised by the majority of the book trade, Mr. Phillips (now Sir Richard) consented to give me fifty pounds in hand for the work, and to allow me a joint share in all the profits it might ultimately yield. What was I to do? The old adage says an article is only worth what it will fetch. I valued my manuscript at one thousand five hundred guineas.

I was necessitated to take for it fifty pounds! Reader, what was now to sweeten the draught of existence?—The ingredients of some other delusion.

From the time that Mr. Locke proved there was no innate principle or rule imprinted on the mind, to direct the actions of men, taste, morality, and conscience were supposed, by many persons of learning, to have no determined foundation in nature, but in custom, or else in the apparent interests of men, discovered by investigation and comparison of effects.

There appeared in that philosophy but one common first motive, or source of determination and action to man and brute; and the human divine mind was only considered as endowed with a greater capacity, or with a superiority in degree, but not in kind. Of these consequences, scepticism, infidelity, and materialism made advantages, which probably Mr. Locke did not foresee, or could not, consistently with his general hypothesis, avoid.

Although it be demonstrable that man has no innate rules of action imprinted on his memory, yet can we agree that he has no innate feeling of the secret character of truth and rectitude of heart, no sense of beauty, no infelt distinction between the base and the generous, which ought by philosophers to be substituted to the innate principles which Mr. Locke justly discarded? The uniformity of the judgments of mankind throughout all ages, and the strong involuntary sentiments we all feel in the presence of virtue and beauty, prove that we have some standard of approbation in the mind; and that for want of acknowledging it publicly, there is an hiatus or chasm left in philosophy, through which infidelity, ever restless, and ever seeking for security, creeps into seeming safety and peace.

In the course of these memoirs it will be abundantly seen, that if I were without principles or rules of action impainted on my mind, I nevertheless was enlight-

cued and directed by innate sentiments, or intellectual tastes. I had some fixed boundaries of judgment, some spring-heads of reasoning. I was, at least, as a man singled out and distinguished from the brute by something more than mere capacity. I was born to involuntary approbations and duties, and I felt, notwithstanding the opinion of Mr. Locke, that the important philosophy of human nature had a settled firm foundation in me. I was convinced, too, that my mind, though neglected and despised by those who rejected my American works, might yet be restored to the rank due to its importance in learning, and that so rich and fruitful a province should once more become the object of curiosity and enquiring genius.

But whether I was directed by innate principles or sentiments, I am confident that my intellectual taste was favourable to a firm and erect mind; that poverty

would animate, rather than depress me, and that it became a spirit like mine to scorn dependance on the booksellers of London, and to strike out a sphere of action, where I might draw all my energies and talents to my own aid. What! was it because I was poor that I was to be contented to remain so? Because I had lost my property, was I to consider that I had parted with an iota of my dignity as a man and a citizen? Was I to feel that in the failure of one essential good, was necessarily merged the failure of another? Was I to feel, that in bracing on the badges of poverty, my thoughts had been manacled, and my mouth gagged; that at the very moment when my heart ought to beat highest for the restoration of my fame, it should find no utterance; that the tongue should refuse its office, when in its office it should be most honoured; that the feelings of the free should perish in the silence of the

mendicant; that the sympathies of nature should be chained, and the enthusiasm of hope die in the bosom that gave it birth.—

"No," exclaimed I, in the midst of these reflections on the degeneracy of my condition, after the loss of my travels in America, and the mortifying disappointment which attended all my other views—"no," exclaimed I, "not thus do I feel: reason, pride of mind, and every generous sentiment which can distinguish the free man from the slave, tell me that I ought not to feel thus. They tell me, that, when stripped of every temporal good, it is absurd to think I have lost all hope; that, when attacked by indigence and distress, I should feel strong, not weak; that I should feel encreased energy of action, not privation of bodily and mental powers; that I should feel expanded, not contracted; elevated, not depressed; exalted, not degraded; proud, not debased; bold, not spiritless; raised above my fellow-citizens, not sunk beneath them." But

what was to be done? I had tried the continent of Europe, and exhausted all the means it afforded for raising me to an elevation with personages of wealth, prosperity, or fame: I had given ample trial to the United States, and to the Upper and Lower Canada, to the Floridas and Louisiana, and had been deceived in my hopes! Where was I to turn my steps? Where was that sphere of action to be struck out, in which I could bring all my energies and talents to my own aid? At the time of these arguments and struggles in favour of my emancipation, a political event occurred, which brought every question with me to a decision, and induced me suddenly to determine on my destiny. The Prince Regent of Portugal, driven out of his European dominions by the power of Buonaparte, was about to take refuge in his colonial settlements, with the intention of fixing and extending the Empire of Braganza in the Brazils, the richest region of South America. The

lamp of salvation now shone above my head. By its light I resolved to find my way to the bright skies and golden shores of the new world.

CHAP. XX.

He forms a stupendous Design, and acts upon it.—Resolves to visit the Diamond Mines of the Brazils.—He tramples down every Obstacle, and arrives at Rio Janeiro.—Assumes the Character of a British Minister.—Is received as such at the Court of Braganza.—Becomes a Favourite.... Leaves Rio for the Mines.

NEXT to the prudent choice of a speculation, and the just formation of a design, our success in life depends upon the true and constant pursuit of the schemes in which we embark.

Some, who run with most speed at first setting out, grow weary, and fail before they attain the wished-for port. Others, though very vigorous and full of resolution in the beginning of an affair, are diverted from its execution by the most trifling incidents. Like young dogs, they lose the true game to follow every

scent; or like ignorant sportsmen who forsake the real chace to run down rats, rabbits, or any other inferior thing they meet with in their way. People of this volatile disposition can never manage any thing properly, and must always find themselves involved at once in business and indigence: for it is a steady holding to the plough, and close application and industry, that are the parents of success.

With these trite yet sage reflections, I formed the design, and determined on my mode of action in going to South America. Never was design formed, in comparison with the means, on more gigantic principles, and immensity of scale. I determined on proceeding to South America; visiting the diamond mines, and becoming possessed of all such diamonds as were concealed by the workmen from the proprietors. I then purposed to return with these immense possessions to England; convert them into money and landed property; pay off all my debts and incum-

brances of every sort; find my way into parliament by the purchase of a seat; send to Germany for Angelica, who was ever dear to my heart, and conduct myself altogether after such a manner as would make me esteemed the best and most extraordinary character of the age in which I lived.

The actual means, which I possessed towards putting this stupendous design into effective operation, did not exceed thirty pounds. To swell these means into a volume, in any shape parallel with the magnitude of the undertaking, I drew a bill upon Sir Richard Phillips, for the presumed profits of my American travels. I also laid every friend and relative under heavy contributions, and passed into Ireland for the purpose of raising some money on my contingent interest in my mother's Irish estates. On the whole, I raised no less a sum than two hundred and fifty pounds; but this was no more than sufficient for necessary appointments

and the exigencies of the voyage. What was to meet the demands of an immense in-land journey to the mines, the purchase of the precious stones, and the frightful expense of my return home? Add to these appalling considerations, there was another reflection much more tremendous—one that affected life itself: it was this. The diamond trade was confined to the court of Portugal: it was a contraband trade, so that any person found carrying it on was considered an illicit dealer, and put to immediate death, according to the laws. Indeed, so strict were the laws on this subject, that a person seeing a diamond in the bed of a river, on the sides of its banks, or in the vicinity of a mine, was forbidden to touch or to remove it. His office was, to inform a magistrate and a notary, conduct them to the spot, and, on weighing the stone in their presence, be content with one-fifth of the amount: and all this under penalty of death, as well as the appropriation of the

sufferer's effects by the servants of the crown. Again, there was another grand obstruction. Such was the jealousy manifested by the court of Portugal, that in no instance had it ever granted a passport to a subject of a foreign power to travel throughout its possessions in South America; nay, when a stranger was suffered to land in any part of the Brazils, two soldiers were appointed to follow his footsteps, and pry into all his connexions and measures.

These facts, and this information, neither made me alter my design, nor vary from the constant pursuit of it. I repaired to Cork, equipped myself in the most sumptuous manner, hired a man-servant, and made such a figure, that, without my concurrence, I was stated to be going out to the court of Rio de Janeiro in a diplomatic capacity. I had an uncle of the name of Morgan, and some other relatives in Cork, who were proud of this assumption; and when I inquired for a passage

to the Brazils, they suggested the propriety of my applying to the port-admiral, and obtaining a free passage in the first of his majesty's ships proceeding on my course. I did apply accordingly, and found no difficulty in securing a passage to Madeira, in the Princess Charlotte, a frigate, commanded by Captain Tobin, a man of great worth, intelligence, and integrity.

On my arrival in Madeira, the same assumption, that served my purpose in Cork, answered all my most sanguine expectations, and promised to facilitate all my most ambitious views. The Prince Regent of Portugal had but just left Madeira for the Brazils. As I arrived in a king's ship, and was officially introduced by Captain Tobin to all the public authorities of the island, it was instantly bruited abroad that I was preceding Lord Strangford to the Brazils, and that I was to remain as chargé d'affaires in that country even after the arrival of his lordship, who was appointed envoy extraordinary

and minister plenipotentiary to the only court acknowledged in the new world. My prospects of success were further illuminated by General (now Lord) Beresford, who was the military commander at Madeira. He was the first who fell into the error of my being a diplomatic missionary; and, as he was involved at the time in many political difficulties, growing out of his situation or command in the island, he not only held several consultations with me on the subject of his official embarrassments, but confided to me the negóciation with the ministers of the Prince Regent of Portugal, and gave me such letters to them as fixed upon me at once the stamp and consideration of a diplomatic character. These circumstances and insignia cast such a brightness over my appearance, that I found no difficulty in finding a passage to Rio de Janeiro; and, on landing there, my reception was such as would have done honour to a member of the house of Russell, had he

gone to the Brazils as His Majesty's ambassador.

Pride is fanned and propagated by applause; and the addition of other peoples' opinions very much heightens our own. Ambition is also the result of pride, and the ambitious scarce know what they pursue, or what they are equal to.

The character, quality, and employ, that people sketch out for themselves are very often more suited to their inclination than to their capacity, and they, who magnify most in opinion, generally dwindle and sink to disgrace in action. Power and greatness are not easily managed, and a man ought to know the world well, who resolves to travel to its highest summits.

The experience of my early life was a strong manifestation of the propriety of these ideas. When flattered, I was proud, when ambitious, I was a fool; and previously to my departure for the Brazils, I found myself immured in England, sink-

ing into a state of dependence and vassalage on the booksellers, which my heart and soul were formed to detest. But after my arrival at the Brazilian court, I was master of my own fortunes, and held, with a boldness and energy that appeared to prove me a great and extraordinary character, the scale of power at my own individual will. To obtain the command of this beam of fortune is what induced me to make such colossal efforts, and to put all at a venture for the obtainment of so glorious an acquisition. I was like a great gamester, who borrows from cheats, or robs friends and foes indifferently, to obtain a superior fortune, pay his debts, and finally triumph.

It must be confessed that the condition of the house of Braganza was eminently favourable to the full completion of my designs. It was rescued from the foul dominion of Buonaparte by the political skill and undaunted bravery of England; and, as I foresaw, on its removal to the

Brazils, it regarded every Englishman with gratitude, as being an individual part of that great machine, which saved it from the perils of the storm, and fixed it in a land of distinguished beauty and perpetual peace. Hence I was received with open arms, not only by the prince, the ministers, and other members of the court, but by the whole population of Rio Janeiro, the clergy, and other public functionaries at their head. Nor was there any thing in my conduct or appearance to check this grateful disposition, or to inspire the most distant idea that I was not the personage which so many strange and concurrent circumstances had induced me to appear. Hence it was plain, and every deduction that could be drawn from my conduct, and reception at the court of the Prince Regent, proved that my measures were good, my design magnificent, and the foundations of my prosperity deeply laid.

With the majority of my grand difficul-

ties surmounted, I now turned my attention to the great object of all my calculations, the diamond mines, where my widely diffused hopes were collected, like scattered rays of the sun, and concentrated into one splendid focus. To attain this object of all my views and desires, I dispatched the official business confided to me by Lord Beresford, and, out of apparent delicacy, left a Mr. Hill, whom I found acting as chargé d'affaires before my arrival at Janeiro, in trust, till the coming of Lord Strangford; soliciting in the mean time permission from the Prince Regent to travel into the interior of the country, and visit the mountains which formed the region of the mines. This was a bold request, but it was asked with a confidence of manner which admitted of no vague answers, and which was calculated to menace a national rupture, if not complied with to its full extent.

Impudence often secures those advantages which modest merit is denied. My

request was not simply and coolly acceded to, but full permission was cheerfully accorded me; and the Indian nations, through which I should have to pass, being savage and unfriendly to the Brazilian states, I was granted an escort of twelve men and eighteen mules, to protect my person and carry my ammunition and stores. I was also furnished with passports, which required the Portuguese officers, civil and military, to give me every aid and assistance I might require, and to see that I was furnished with all the accommodation, and treated with all those honours which a person, representing his Britannic Majesty, the friend and patron of Portugal, merited from every follower of the Braganza house. To this public suite, I added a secretary of the name of Smith, and my black servant, John, whom I had hired at Cork. This Smith was the same whom I had met with in a French prison, and who had the boldness to break his chains by enlisting with

me into the French service, and thereby with me effecting his escape. I entertained, from this and other knowledge of him, a high opinion of his intrepidity and enterprize; and, as I feared that I should want a confidential desperate companion in my stupendous undertaking, I no sooner cast my eyes upon him in Rio Janeiro, than I sent for him privately, and asked him whether he would follow my fortunes. "Into the jaws of a lion," interrupted he, without hesitation; and I as instantly added him to my escort.

With the applauses of the people, and the best wishes and prayers of the court, I departed from Rio in a style, and with a *cortege*, becoming a prince of Asia.

CHAP. XXII.

Proceeds to the Diamond Mines.—Describes the Country.—Reaches the Diamond Territory.—His Reception is such as becomes the Representative of a British Sovereign.—The decisive Moment arrives.—Fortune favours him.—He is admitted to the Mines.—Draws a brilliant Sketch of them.—Obtains Confidence, and strengthens in Desire.

WHOEVER prefers recreation to profit, makes a false judgment of the very end of life. Amusement should never be any more than an excitement to business. Every diversion, that does not serve this purpose, is not only present loss, but puts us in some degree into the back ground.

If such avocations are frequent and long, the work will stand still, and in the conclusion there will be nothing to support the expense of necessary recreation;

so that such men are miserable in every point of view. They have no profit from being busy, no satisfaction from being idle, and the reflection of neglect becomes at length the just punishment of their folly.

These, and such as these, were the arguments I employed for the purpose of confining my mind to the entire contemplation of the great design in which I was engaged, and to restrain my friend Smith from wandering, on his way, after the various pleasurable objects which surrounded us on every side. No country in the world is more luxuriant, or can boast of more delightful pursuits, than that which lies between the city of Rio and the region of the mines. The happy soil teems with the most luxuriant fruits, and is covered with the most enchanting verdure. No barren spot arrests the delightful eye, but nature is every where arrayed in her choicest robes. Spicy herbs of various hues be-

spangle the widely spreading plains, and scent all the soft winds that wanton through the silent groves with balmy fragrance, affording food and shelter to almost every description of bird and beast common to the tropical climates of the New World. "But amidst all the pleasant pursuits of this journey," said I to my friend Smith, "let the same exalted design, which first led me from home, still actuate us every hour with additional ardour. Let us even already experience a kind of foretaste of the great and splendid advantages, which reward the labour of those who bend the whole force of their talents towards some one magnificent point. The issue of our journey will be the source of all future good; a steady perseverance in our design, the fountain of eternal happiness." Smith was born with a vast and powerful mind, but it was trampled down and warped, vitiated and debased by a general loose and profligate system of life,

He possessed a vehement ardour of imagination, and was endowed with a great and lively sensibility, consequently he loved pleasure above them all, and paid but little attention to the acquirement of knowledge, or to the reduction of that restlessness of disposition, which is the characteristic of a roving and perverted mind. However, he repeatedly and solemnly promised to be obedient to my orders, and we continued our journey with little dissention, and with hopes brightening up as we approached the splendid land of precious stones.

The mountainous country, in the vicinity of the mines, was at length attained. It did not afford that variety we had expected; yet it gave me the most lively sensations of delight and gratitude, to contemplate, even at a distance, the rich and bountiful theatre of all my hopes and all my wishes. On passing this rugged boundary to the immediate seat of the mines, the country again became

most delightfully verdant, and every little valley between the hills were adorned with some beautiful villa. There was not one spot of earth uncultivated. Either corn fields, orange groves, luxuriant gardens, or extensive forests, and cocoa-nut clumps, covered the whole face of the diamond territory. Nothing could be more delightful than to contemplate those numerous little cottages of the miners, each erected under the pleasant shade of a large cocoa-nut tree, which are every where to be seen; and the roads were purposely cut through the thickest woods of magnificent foliage, which formed noble avenues, impervious to the hottest beams of the sun. On entering the official limits of the mines, the scene changed, and became amazingly grand. In the centre of public buildings, appropriated to the various civil, military, and religious institutions connected with the mines, rises a magnificent palace, decorated with all the sumptuous ornaments

of eastern art and western wealth; and to this palace I was conducted, in order to exhibit my passports, and shew authorities to the governor, by whom it is inhabited. He received me with every consideration of respect, and told me that he should be my most humble servant during my stay within the diamond territory.

Self opinion and conceit are the origin of pride and the progeny of ignorance. He that has the best knowledge of himself, has the higher opinion of his capacity, and, in consequence of the mistake, values himself upon presumption and folly.

Slight and superficial information pleases and surprises, but the stronger the light grows, the clearer it shews imbecility; encourages the judgment to move with certainty and caution in the estimate of ourselves and of the objects around us, and conveys that humble and modest apprehension of ourselves which impresses

a decent regard for the merits of other people. A man is not to be trusted in drawing his own picture unless he be perfect master in the art, as well as a little self-denying and resigned. Self-love is too apt to influence the pencil, and to err in the amalgamation of the colours; to soften and heighten out of rule, and finally to finish a caricature instead of a portrait; for ignorance mingles in all the speculations of this vice, and renders us strangers both to the world and to ourselves.

Fully convinced that conceit had been the origin of the principal disappointments of my life, it was my care to examine minutely into myself, on my arrival at the summit of fortune, and to be cautious that neither arrogance, nor pride, nor ignorance, should in future ruin the prospect of my designs, or blast the fruit of my labours. "We have done much," said I to Smith, soon after our favourable and most distinguished reception by

the governor of the mines; "we have done much, but still we have achieved nothing: we have life and every thing at stake, but we have not yet triumphed. The decisive moment is now fast approaching. Let us remember that there is in all public, as in all private affairs, a decisive moment, which should be immediately seized, or the design in view can never be accomplished."

The decisive moment had in fact arrived. The governor, who had overwhelmed me with honours and attentions, appointed a day for shewing me the mines. In obedience to his royal master's instructions, and in compliance with his own particular dispositions to treat a personage, whom he thought the envoy of the king of Great Britain, with every mark of respect and distinction, he made the day of my visit a public festival, and so ordered the mines, that they could not fail to impress the mind with the highest notions of their immense wealth,

splendour, and magnificence. To gratify his desire, I consented to go with him at the head of a procession, which he had formed for the purpose, and which consisted of all the public functionaries of his government, all the principal inhabitants, and upwards of two thousand five hundred miners, or slaves.

In this manner the miners at length appeared, and awakened fresh emotions of glory in my breast. Hope at once unveiled a golden prospect to my view; and, as the enchanting goddess smiled upon the scenes before me, she beckoned me on to delights yet unknown. A great number of triumphal arches, formed with branches of trees, were erected on the road from the government house to the mines: and the daughters of the negro slaves and Indians strewed the ground with flowers. These attributes of spring, contrasted with the tops of the Andes, still covered with snow, presented, for a short time, a *coup d'œuil* the most inte-

resting. At eleven we reached the mine of Freser. We descended by a winding staircase of two hundred steps to the first landing-place, and then crossed many galleries of twenty and thirty fathoms, in their different dimensions, to arrive at a mine called the Chapel of Antonia. This chapel is remarkable for its gothic structure: it is entirely formed of the brilliant materials of the mines, as are the image of Christ, Antonia the patron, Mary the Virgin, and those of several superior and inferior saints. The altar was one blaze of precious stones. The pulpit, which was opposite the altar, was constructed of topaz, veragua, and petrifactions in crystal of various characters and hues. The priests, in their sacerdotal habits, received us at the entrance of the chapel. Mass was said at my request. The songs of the miners were heard at a distance, as soon as mass was performed. A pillar of granite was exploded by gunpowder; and, besides the

noise of the explosion, trumpets, kettle-drums, and repeated cries of VIVAT, for a long time resounded through the mines. The different galleries, through which we passed, were illuminated; but the effulgence of several of the diamonds exceeded that of the artificial lights. The gothic door of the chapel was studded with brilliant gems, and it opened upon a small subterranean lake, which was lighted up with five hundred lamps. We crossed the lake in a small boat for the gallery of Nos Rios, which is thirteen fathoms long, and four in depth. An explosion at the extremity of the lake was repeated by an echo from the galleries, and immediately a figure of the sun was displayed in diamonds, together with those of the planets and their satellites in precious stones of various magnitude and colours. This spectacle, accompanied by music and shouts of VIVAT, concluded with fire-works.

In the mine of Signor Pombalo, a

horse descended and came up in our presence, loaded with crystal, pebbles, and ore of gold in its matrix state. In the gallery del Rena, a collection was prepared in a cabinet of dark granite glittering with gems. During the repast, delightful music resounded through these subterraneous places. Soon afterwards I left the mines, and with ideas as much confused as if I had read the Arabian Nights' Tales, and believed myself the hero of the work.

CHAP. XXII.

Associates a Priest in his ambitious Designs.—Carries on his illicit Trade.—Repairs to Saint Salvador.—The failure of his gigantic Design appears no longer to be within the Power of Chance.

MANY eminent writers have expressed themselves in favour of that diffidence, which is said to throw a soft and winning grace over all actions done under its influence. Cicero says, he often trembled in voice and limb, when he began to speak; and Addison retired from the House of Commons because he had not courage to speak aloud in the presence of persons so illustrious and great.

During my first day's visit to the mines, I was rather at a loss what line of conduct to adopt, whether to act with a modest diffidence, or to confirm an opi-

nion of my extraordinary rank, by assuming the imperial mien and dignified tone of high life. The obsequious and over-polite manners of the governor decided the question. Instead of being diffident and timorous, I was always collected and ready; never the victim of doubt or perplexity. My figure was manly, majestic, and commanding. I dressed in the Windsor full-dress uniform, blue embroidered, with gold buttons and frogs. My manner was bold, confident, and authoritative. My mode of speaking, prompt, copious, clear, and rapid. I possessed great strength of mind, strength of lungs, strength of nerves, and strength of countenance. If not an ambassador, it was certainly impossible to personate one better, and the result was, that in the end I was eminently successful.

Having made Smith and my servant give out that I was a celebrated naturalist, as well as a remarkable and curious

traveller, I had several opportunities of exploring the mines, and without incurring the suspicion of having an appetite for diamonds, or any other article denominated illicit traffic. This reputation and these researches naturally led to an acquaintance with every person of knowledge and curiosity in the mine establishment, and I plainly saw the fruition of all my labours in the acquisition of a few raw diamonds of great value, which were brought to me privately, and exchanged for toys of inconsiderable value, procured by me at Rio for that distinct purpose. While employed as I have described, and occupied with the best hopes, a still more fortunate circumstance occurred to me: I was visited by a priest, the son of an Irish officer, who had been several years in the Portuguese service, but who had returned to his native country. On conversing with him some time, I discovered in him transcendent abilities, quick scholastic at-

ainments, elegant classical taste, a strong poetical imagination, and a great extent of mineralogical knowledge. From these observations, a reflection naturally presented itself, and I did not hesitate in communicating it to him; namely, the happiness it must afford an aged parent to see his child, by the efforts of his own merit, attain, from the most humble obscurity, the most distinguished eminence in he church, as well as the transport it must yield a man of sensibility, to return to the dwelling of his parent, and embrace him adorned with the laurels he had earned. "Wealth and honours," continued I, addressing him, "from all their abundant stores, can afford no sensation so rich in human happiness."

The confidence of this amiable ecclesiastic was instantly won by these few words. His sensibility was exquisitely excited. I was the first of his countrymen he had ever seen. I was the first man he had ever met with, into whose

bosom he could pour forth the tender sentiments of nature, and deplore the fate which separated him from the father, the mother, and the country, to which he owed his existence and his name. "Why not," said I, on seeing nature struggling within him, "why not, arrayed in the robes of your own acquired wealth and dignity, prepare to visit your aged parents, and felicitate yourself with the raptures the old couple would feel on embracing you as their son, and their pastor." In fine, after this, and several other conferences, he cast off all disguise, and informed me that he had nothing so much at heart as the return with me to England, and that, if I would facilitate a measure so dear to him, he would never cease to be grateful. In testimony of his devotion, he presented me with a lustrous stone, which proved to be a diamond of no less value than two thousand pounds.

Nothing now could be more brilliant than the appearance of my original de-

[redacted] of [redacted]

[redacted] and a better than my [redacted]. [redacted] of the specula- [redacted] as to what I meant to [redacted] with my own hand. [redacted] was to procure [redacted] for the miners, in [redacted] various toys, [redacted] ; but [redacted] my new [redacted] discovering my [redacted] treasure of the [redacted] that I himself pos- [redacted] precious [redacted] from the [redacted] that he [redacted] testimonial be- [redacted] and that by [redacted] the presents [redacted] to make, he [redacted] every stone [redacted] carefully treasured. [redacted] mysterious mission. I [redacted] in his native [redacted] equally

all such treasures as he should procure and confide to my care. In less than three days his object was achieved, and I was made master of more wealth than was probably ever in the possession of any one individual before. The strongest tide of fortune had now flowed in my favour: it remained only for me to keep steady in the current, and not to sleep a moment, while exposed to the rocks of treachery, ignorance, or surprise.

Enthusiasm in character, however it may be condemned by the plodding sons of laborious diligence, too heavy to pursue its flights, is certainly entitled to the palm of honour and utility in civil life.

It is from the energy imparted by this principle that we are to expect the execution of great and noble designs, which soar beyond the ordinary occurrences and characters of the times. The enthusiast, indeed, or the man of strong affections, and exuberance of feeling, never appears to advantage in the common progress of

events, but shines with superior resplendence whenever his energetic feelings are roused into action, and he is placed in situations that call for exertion beyond the fixed and settled rules of commerce and of law.

The enthusiasm I possessed, after the immense acquisition I had made, was of this nature, and the flights my imagination made, to see how it was to be secured to me, were like those of an eagle above Mount Ida. Having seen my way, I prepared to depart with great sagacity, quickness of apprehension, and address. I affected to have the power, and conferred the honour of knighthood upon the governor, presented him with a case of pistols and a double-barrelled gun, thanked him for all his attentions and civilities, and had but one request to make, namely, that he would permit Signor Mara, the priest I have mentioned, to attend me part of my way, in order, as I was so good a mineralogist, to examine with

me a quantity of fossils and minerals, which were said to abound in a portion of the region, throughout which I had to pass. This indulgence was instantly accorded me. As I had sent back my escort to Rio, the governor voluntarily appointed another escort of his own, and zealously joined in the VIVAT which hailed my departure from his precious domains. I should have stated, that on a former application from me, he liberated every prisoner in the jails, and on the day of his knighthood, he gave a grand festival, and relieved the miners from their toil. In consequence of all this, and, I am vain to believe, of my general appearance and conduct during my stay, the *vivats* were mingled with expressions of regret, and prayers united to the shouts of applause. This, indeed, was a day of triumph. The grand design was now approaching to a happy and brilliant end; and the perspective of futurity was not darkened by a single cloud.

The reader may well believe that I did not return to the sea-coast by the way of Rio Janeiro. In truth, I had some few rising apprehensions from that quarter. I began to fear the arrival of Lord Strangford, and took the road, through the wilderness, to Saint Salvador, as presenting the most secure and undisturbed retreat. After the first few days, I travelled tranquilly onwards, almost lost in admiration at the astonishing richness, beauty, and fertility of the country; and as I advanced, I looked forward with rapture to the long-wished for period when I should descry the lofty walls and towering domes of the far-famed city of Saint Salvador, the metropolis of the Bay of Bahia. On my arrival in its vicinity, I was much delighted with the charming prospect. In this exquisite view were combined all nature's chief beauties. In the deep blue back-ground, the lofty Andes reared their cloud-cap't heads high over the surrounding scenery; and nearer to the sight, less

considerable hills, crowned by lofty-waving woods, undulated like the gentle motion of the sea, into the misty distance, and were gradually lost to the view. Luxuriant vales, blest with eternal verdure, outspread their beauteous plains over the green lap of earth, and smiled amidst their native riches. The numerous adjacent islands appeared on the curling surface of the mighty deep, whose vasty waters reflected all the various hues of the splendid heavens; while the city, the spacious harbour of which was filled with vessels, daily arriving from every quarter of the globe, added a more lively scene to the unrivalled view. I saw this most lovely prospect at a very favourable time. The periodical rains were just over, and every hill and every flowery dale was wrapt in nature's most verdant mantle, while the luxuriant harvest waved over all the scene.

On entering this magnificent city, I repaired instantly to the palace of the

governor, and presented to him my passports. He received me with the utmost respect and confidence, offered his services in the handsomest manner, and insisted on my doing him the honour of dining with him every day during my stay in his government. I made him the proper acknowledgments for these civilities, and at the same time told him, that, in consequence of some changes which I saw from the papers had taken place in Europe since my travels in the Brazils, I should be under the necessity of returning immediately to England, and deviating from my original intention of making a considerable stay in South America. Every thing now succeeded to my wish. I sent the escort back to the mines. I disguised Mora, the priest. Smith and my servant had each a distinct post to fill: and the failure of my design appeared to be hardly in the power of fate.

CHAP. XXIII.

Purchases a Brig.—Secures his Diamonds under the Ballast.—Has violent Apprehensions.—A Dungeon receives him, and nothing remains of all his splendid Possessions.—Is liberated from Prison.—Destitute, and naked, he still dreams of fresh Enterprises.

THE condition of mankind, in an improved and opulent state, requires restraint; and by laws of necessity, as strong as fate, they cannot live a day in safety without it. Their fears and dangers, therefore, notwithstanding their love of freedom, extort obedience from them; and at the moment they have attained that full liberty which leaves no more to desire, they make the most insulting degree of tyranny necessary to save them from civil war, and mutual carnage.

What I am saying of mankind in society, applies to a superior and his

followers, however insignificant they may be in distinction and numbers. In my particular case, this was most painfully demonstrable. It was with the utmost difficulty, and by dint of the severest discipline, that I could confine the mind of my people to the one great object I had in view on my arrival at Saint Salvador, namely, the departure from it as soon as possible. To produce so desirable a consummation, I instantly bought a brig that lay in the harbour: I hired four seamen, the best I could procure, and put Smith on board, together with Mara, and a servant he had engaged. I then, in the presence of only Smith and Mara, deposited my treasure at the foot of the mizen-mast, and had shingle ballast cast in the hold, as if it contained nothing of any value or esteem.

The reception of the ballast naturally sunk the keel into the water several feet; and as it had been exposed some months to the violent action of a vertical sun,

the seams were open, and much of the ballast was cast out to admit of the vessel being caulked and cleaned. This occasioned considerable delay, and relaxation of discipline. Independent of the impossibility of confining Smith to the ship, I considered it impolitic to remain much on board myself, for it might tend to excite suspicion as to the motives of my solicitude and anxiety; nor could I possibly reject the civilities constantly proffered me by the governor, as well as the other principal officers and inhabitants of the city. Not a day passed but there was a public dinner, ball, and supper given on my account; and I was compelled to attend them, in my assumed capacity of a public character, or incur suspicion.—Smith, too, in spite of my remonstrances to the contrary, was always of these parties; and as he was a remarkable handsome man, elegant in his dress, and gallant in his manners, he became an object of much admiration

and notoriety,—being idolized by the women, and envied by the men.

Things were in this state when a report reached me that Lord Strangford had arrived at Rio De Janeiro, and that Sir Sydney Smith was cruizing off the Bay of Bahia, consequently might be expected at Saint Salvador every hour. I received this intelligence on the morning of a grand fête, which was to be given at the palace, and which was to terminate at night in a masked ball. The intelligence was alarming, but I did not lose my presence of mind. I went on board my brig; discharged the caulkers; put in stores; took a clearance from the Custom-House, and ordered all hands on board. Smith and Mara objected to sailing till the ship was completely caulked and in proper trim. I insisted on sailing the same night at the hour of one, and obviated every objection by shewing that we could run into some obscure harbour along the coast to repair,

and till then keep the brig afloat with the pumps. This did not give satisfaction: I was, however, peremptory, and insisted upon implicit obedience from all. The only thing I yielded in, because I thought it was prudent, was to attend the entertainments of the day; but on this injunction, that Smith and I should assume new masquerade dresses at midnight, retire from the scene silent and unobserved to our ship, cut our cable, and depart.

At the hour of twelve, in the midst of the most magnificent spectacle I ever witnessed in the New World, I cast my eyes about for Smith, but saw nothing of him. A little time before I had observed him in the train of Signora Ignatia, the most conspicuous beauty of Saint Salvador, and a courtesan of the highest fame. I presumed, therefore, that he had escorted her to some friend who saw masks, and that he intended instantly to return. With breathless suspense I

waited till one and two o'clock, but in vain. No Smith appeared, and I repaired to the shore and to my vessel with a sinking heart, and a prophetic spirit that "all was not well." As I descended to the cabin, I ordered all hands to repose about me in their boat cloaks; first demanding whether every arrangement was made for sailing, the instant Mr. Smith should come on board. I never in my life was so oppressed. The associations were peculiarly grand, from the time of night, the approach of sailing in a leaky brig, and the absence of Smith, who was my ship's captain, while I only was awake, with a single lamp. I could not sleep. I was too much impressed with the importance of my situation. My eyes were fixed on the gangway, my countenance expressing an eager and breathless anxiety.

It was now the very depth of night, and to the rumbling of coaches around the palace-walls, succeeded the most

gloomy silence, broken only by the sullen reflux of the tide. After a considerable pause, during which I was hanging over a map, I leaned my flushed and vivid cheek on my hand: the lamp glittered on my broad forehead, while my eyes, burning in the shadows of their sockets, gleamed with a tense and lustrous fierceness.—I looked at my watch on the table, and dwelt on its echoing and solitary tick with irritated agony. In a few minutes I strode again to the opening of the gangway, and again returned disappointed; for no Smith appeared, and nature was proceeding with her accustomed regularity, uninfluenced by my turbulent haste. I now took the lamp, and holding it above my head, looked round upon those who were sleeping. Conscious of being unobserved, I yielded to my feelings without restraint. My whole frame began to shake with restless impatience. I seemed weary of waiting the regular progress of events, and of

nature. I seemed longing to have time and capacity in my grasp, that I might wield or controul them as I willed, for my purposes.

Unable to compose myself, I dug the table with a pair of compasses in agitated spasm, and appeared inwardly to curse the irrevocable limits of my being.—How justly would this enthusiastic eagerness have been ennobled, had the object been elevated and virtuous—but degraded by its duplicity, we can consider it only now as the restless turbulence of a tyrant, who hated delay, the consequence of any will but his own, and even if arising from the systematic regularity of nature! Excited almost to madness by my fiery imagination, I rushed once again up the gangway, when, as if in pity to such a victim of passion, the day dawned on my heated face with smiling freshness. The mists of the morning were rolling away as the light glittered on their rotundity, and nature began to awake from her drowsy

stupor with a sort of stirring hum, that indicated life, though nothing was heard distinctly. In a few moments I heard the splashing oars of a boat, which I took to be Smith's, and nothing of Sir Sidney could be seen in the offing. All was well again. I extinguished the lamp; and with an energy that marked my delight, roused my people; ordered my sails to be bent, and placed a man ready to unship the stopper of my cable. "Danger was near," said I to Mara, who stood trembling by me; "danger was near, but in one hour it will exist no longer."

False, presumptuous prophet!—Ten minutes of the hour had not elapsed when nothing remained of my gorgeous design but the melancholy and shadowy remembrance. The boat that reached my brig was filled with military and police officers. I was dragged before the governor, and by ten o'clock was an inhabitant of a dungeon, some thirty feet beneath the surface of the earth. The cause was this.

From folly and fatuity, or worse, Smith and I selected several curious gems from the grand stock, and kept them about us merely to look at and admire from time to time. When Smith accompanied Signora Ignatia to her abode, he found himself short of money, and, having drank freely during the day, saw no impropriety in presenting her with one of the richest diamonds he possessed. They returned to the assembly: he to find me; she to boast of the treasure she had so easily obtained. The anecdote spread, and reached the ears of the governor. The stone was of immense value. It must have been fraudulently obtained. Smith was confronted with the signora: his person was searched, and other diamonds were found: he was threatened with the torture: he confessed the origin and progress of my design and pursuits. Nothing remained to me of them but the melancholy and shadowy remembrance. Alas! alas!

There is not upon earth a more profligate detestable character, than the man, who, indulging himself in unbounded licentiousness, is implacable against the most venial faults of others. He who, destitute of honour and gratitude, debauches and abandons the sister of his friend, and who afterwards, without a pang of conscience or remorse, can sit in judgment, and pass the heaviest sentence on the conduct of others, must be a wretch that deserves to be expunged from the face of the creation.

Such a man was my judge. I was acquainted with his history before I was dragged to his tribunal; and when conveyed thither from my dungeon, I plainly saw the mind of the man engrafted on his visage. All the irrascible passions of a Portuguese tyrant were there depicted. The features of his countenance never relaxed from their austerity. The features of his soul never softened to humanity. Arrogant and overbearing, he resembled

more an imperious dictator, than a faithful impartial minister of justice. Misery owned him the terror of the oppressed. His decrees were ever fatal to the wretched. His law was captivity and death.

From the moment I cast my eyes on this brutal judge, I avowed the folly, the madness, and the meanness of endeavouring to influence him; therefore, when I was arraigned before him, and called upon to declare the testimony by which I meant to repel the judgment about to be passed upon me and my accomplices, I told him indignantly to dispatch his work of blood, and not to embitter our hopeless condition by the display of a legal force, which we knew how to value and to despise. This produced the effect I looked for. It raised his hatred and indignation to such an immediate height, that he ordered us back to prison, and to the condemned cell, there to await the hour of our exit to eternity.

There was this difference now in the state of my imprisonment; I had the comfort and consolation of society, and occasional protection from the reptiles and vermin which infest the Brazil jails; whereas, before, I was in the deepest dungeon and deadly solitude, nor could ever repose in safety or quiet, on account of the centepedes, scorpions, rats, reptiles, and insects, that were perpetually at war with me while awake, and invading every pore of me when I chanced to sleep. I made, however, a very ungracious use of this change to my advantage; for the instant I was left in the presence of Smith, and learned from his own lips that he was the author of all my disappointment and calamity, as above related, I flew upon him like a lion enraged, and nearly killed him before Mara and my servant John could interpose, and snatch him from the effects of my vengeance. Peace restored, Smith and my fellow-sufferers began to talk of death, and of the necessity of preparing

for dying. But my unbending spirit revolted at the idea of submission to any power upon earth. I told my people to remember, that while there was life there was hope; and that if they would still continue attached and faithful to me, it was yet possible that something might be done to ameliorate our condition, or, at least, towards the preservation of life. Obedience and affection were cheerfully accorded me, and I formed my little party into a regular guard. One sentry was to stand over the meal and water which was daily furnished for our food, and by constant stirring preserve it from stagnation; while another was to be placed over those who slept, in order to keep them from being poisoned, or devoured by the millions of noxious reptiles, vermin, and insects, that infested our dungeon.

This improved state of things gave me some disposition and opportunity to reflect on the state of our condition, and

upon the means of emancipation, if within the power of fortune or of chance. I began my labours to this effect, by flattering the vanity, and courting the friendship of some ignorant friars who daily came to pray with us, and exhort us to become good catholics previously to suffering an ignominious death. I also made Mara confess to them, that, however he appeared disguised in my service, he was nevertheless as good a catholic, and as much a friar and priest as themselves. This confession more than completed half my work; for the whole clergy of Saint Salvador were compromised in Mara's fate. To hang a priest would be to degrade and dishonour the priesthood at large. This was the exact impression I intended to fix on the minds of the sons of the church; and it spread to such a degree, that a memorial was drawn up and laid at the feet of the governor, stating, that as the English nation had shed so much blood and treasure in the cause of Portugal, and as the establishment of the

Braganza family in the Brazils was to be attributed to the zeal and firmness of that country, the memorialists implored that FOUR Englishmen, under sentence of death for an illicit traffic in diamonds, might experience his excellency's humanity, by being set at liberty.

Fearful that the memorial might not have the desired effect, I prevailed upon one of our CONFESSORS to furnish me with pen and ink, and wrote in Smith's name to Sir Sidney, inclosing a petition to the Prince Regent at Rio Janeiro, and privately hinting to Sir Sidney that it would be a bad compliment to the English government to shed the blood of four Englishmen, immediately after the arrival of the prince in his South American dominions. I know not which of the two memorials operated most favourably. It was sufficient to know that our father confessors, on the score of gaining us over fully to the catholic church, obtained us respites from day to day, and that, at the expiration of six weeks, an order

arrived to liberate us from confinement, and to see that we sailed from out the bay of Bahia within the space of twenty-four hours.

During the long progress of this uncertain state and painful imprisonment, never in one instance had I deviated to the cause of pusillanimity. From the beginning the lamp of salvation shone over my head, and I left the prison walls, not dismayed and broken-hearted, but with a courageous determination to display, in some future design, a strength of capacity and an extent of genius, that would yet redeem my fortunes, and serve as a solid basis for the respect and approbation of those whose esteem I held in any value or regard. It will be allowed that there was much philosophy in my conduct, when it is known, that the diamonds I forfeited were worth no less than one million of pounds in the Brazils, and that in Europe they would have realized more than twice that sum.

CHAP. XXIV.

His Mind does not decay under Misfortune.—Recovers a small Portion of his Diamonds.—Leaves Saint Salvador.—Is shipwrecked on the Coast of Saint Isabel.—Undergoes an Eclipse, and then Shines with more than usual Splendor.

It would be unfair to reproach a man with his shallow capacity. Nature dispenses her gifts at random; men have no influence over her decrees. Nevertheless, it is unpardonable, when they are solicitous for difficult undertakings, to which they are, in every respect, unequal; when they are desirous to injure their fame for the ambitious gratification of their own personal vanity.

In consequence of this way of thinking, I examined my own conduct, and that of Smith my associate, very freely,

as soon as I was cast out of prison; and though I did not reproach him or myself for the shallowness of our capacity, still I reprobated him for his personal vanity, and condemned myself for having committed so gross a blunder as to have put the failure of my grand design within the power of any one upon earth. Smith's complaisance, politeness, and insinuation, were admirably calculated to shine within the circles of gaiety and pleasure, but he had not the great and necessary qualifications requisite for an affair of high importance and unbounded trust. He had no steadiness, no forbearance, no fortitude, no resolution; and his mind decayed under misfortune. I left him in the hands of some priests, and I believe he has since turned monk.

I was now cast out of confinement, nearly naked, wounded sorely by reptiles and vermin, and with only twenty-four hours allowed me to leave the city of Saint Salvador, and shift for myself;

—nay, not only for myself, but for the unfortunate Mara, and my faithful Black, who followed me step by step, and continued to look up to me with confidence, for protection, and support. Under such circumstances one would have thought that I should have acted wisely had I abandoned these two persons, and given up every speculation, which might hereafter become so arduous and complicated as to require more capacity than I should be able to bestow upon it. But so far was this from being my conduct, that my illusions multiplied more than ever, and my dream of future greatness was tinged with colours as vivid as it had been painted with any time before.

These illusions and this dream were justified by the concurrence of two very remarkably fortuitous events. The fancy diamonds, which I had selected, at the same time with Smith, out of my great stock, were in a secret-spring drawer of my small portable desk. This desk re-

mained at my lodgings, together with my clothes, papers, and passports; and though I could discover that the clothes were searched, and the desk ransacked, the secret drawer was undiscovered, and its contents secure. On my arrest, it seems, the landlord denied any knowledge of them, in order to appropriate them to himself. But the great good fortune was, that they were forgotten or left on shore, because Smith neglected to send them on board, though I charged him to that effect more than once; and also because I was so busily engaged in the clearance of the vessel for sea, that I could attend to nothing of inferior importance. The next happy occurrence was, that some priests of our acquaintance, while in prison, were bound to Pernambuco in a vessel they had freighted for themselves, and as they were much interested in my fate, and still more in that of Mara, whom they wished to remove from the scene of his

disgrace, they proffered us a passage free of expense. Under their cloak and protection, I passed with Mara, my servant John, my desk and clothes on board; and before the expiration of the four-and-twenty hours, which were accorded me for effecting my escape.

The eclipse was now once again gone by; and after all the darkness and gloom into which I had sunk in Saint Salvador, I was suffered to leave it, and to carry with me the invigorating rays of an enlivening hope, and a spirit and courage neither depressed nor degenerated. No sooner had the vessel cleared the bay of Bahia, than I viewed the world under the most favourable auspices.—Hilarity sparkled in my eye, and good nature in my actions. Friendship had her throne in my heart, and fancy tinged with her brightest colours my aspiring sentiments. Endowed with these natural virtues, which learning and travel had improved, I met with esteem, and I exulted in ap-

probation; and notwithstanding the variety of truly distressing circumstances which I had met with, nothing had blasted the wonted gaiety of my disposition; nothing had power to induce me to glut malignity by my total fall, or to satiate calamity by yielding to an unmanly despair.

Poor visionary! not to know that his joys were but those of the imagination, which hope begot, and disappointment ruined!—We had not been out ten days when violent winds from the bleak regions of the north, and dreadful thunderstorms from the heavens assailed us, and drove us on the coast of Saint Isabel, not far distant from the mouth of the river San Francisco. In endeavouring to make this river, our vessel took the ground and lost her rudder. As the tide rose she swam, and drifted towards a dangerous lee shore. The Portuguese seamen made no efforts to steer or to save the vessel: they clung to the knees of

the priests who were on board, and joined them in prayers that Saint Anthony would allay the storm, or grant a safe landing-place. Fortunately for me, from the first blowing of the adverse winds I anticipated our destiny; and as I placed no reliance in San Antonio, in the seamen, or in the priests, I occupied myself and servant in sewing up my clothes, papers, gun, ammunition, bread, and spirits, in my cot; and the few diamonds that remained to me, I safely and secretly stitched in a girdle, constantly wearing it round my waist under the shirt. The cot was repeatedly pitched and tarred; and as I lashed it firmly to the ship's buoy, after every anchor was gone, I had no fears but that it would float ashore with the utmost ease.

Thus prepared, and conscious of the rectitude of my general principles, yet grieved at the influence of my passions, I humbly offered my orisons to Almighty God, and, prompted by the sense of for-

mer benefits received, threw upon his paternal goodness the disposal of my life, and management of every coming care. At this moment the vessel struck: but ere the sea broke over her a second time, I cast my cot and buoy over her stern, and, jumping overboard, cast myself in fact upon the paternal goodness of that power, whose aid I had but just implored. My faithful servant followed me —we swam side by side—were merged under, and floated upon the same wave. We gained the shore much at the same time, and had just strength sufficient to secure the cot, which, with rapture, we perceived entangled among some rocks and weeds, at no great distance from us. —As for the unfortunate Mara, he had not resolution to throw himself overboard. He remained in speechless agony till the vessel was beat to pieces; when the captain, two seamen, and one priest, were all that reached the shore safe. Poor Mara! Like myself, he sighed for

happiness; but coy, like the rainbow, yet equally deluding, it withdrew as he approached. When he stretched out his hand to grasp a rose, it was pierced with the rancour of a thorn. In his soul felicity existed; through his life, disappointment reigned. Like the dove, he sought for a resting-place, which the floods of adversity denied. An ill-fated pair were he and I; an union of souls cemented us; but blackest fortune, and adverse circumstances, disjoined us for ever.

Knowledge perfected by practice is as different from mere speculation, as the skill in doing a thing is from being told how a thing is to be done. Rules are easily mistaken, but frequent practice and experience are seldom deceived.

The practice and experience I speak of were purchased by me at a very high price, but they were of inestimable use to me after my unfortunate shipwreck, and enabled me, of many evils that were connected with my situation, to choose

the least. The most important choice was, whether I should proceed by land to Perrambuco, a distance of seven hundred miles, through savage and unfrequented roads, or whether I should continue my way by water, and commit myself to a boat, little better than a raft, which the captain determined to make for himself out of the wreck of his vessel, as it hourly drifted on shore. Experience told me that there was no reliance on Saint Anthony or his Portuguese navigators, while practical knowledge informed me that I could traverse the woods in safety, and confide, not in man, but on the paternal goodness of my own supreme God. I determined, therefore, to force my passage by land, and never more risk my fortunes, by placing them in the power of Portuguese seamen and saints.

The strong desire I ever had to visit the various nations of the world, and contemplate man in the different stages

of civilization, from the independent tread and unsubdued crest of the wild savage, yet confined to his native waste, his wood, or his fastness, to where civilization had even overgrown itself in the courts and nations of Europe, also, perhaps, influenced my determination, and induced me to proceed on my destined course, without reflecting on the dangers that were abroad, or perceiving the dark and heavy clouds that lowered upon the whole horizon before me. I was fascinated by the existence of those pleasures which I had experienced in savage life, and feared nothing while I was conscious of possessing the great and inherent qualifications of a free man.

Thus commenced my wanderings. My faithful servant was loaded with my baggage, while I myself was armed, and ever on the look out against obscure danger, or the open enemy in the field. My principal object was to gain the banks of the Rio San Francisco. Towards noon,

on the third day, we reached the verdant banks of this beautiful river, whose vast expanse of rolling waters, sometimes sparkling under the bright rays of a vertical sun, and in the more remote distance reflecting the deep and cloudless azure of heaven, added a refreshing coolness to the spicy gales, and in some degree allayed the intensity of the heat, which was yet too powerful for me to bear. While travelling up this river, I eagerly sought the friendly shade of the banian tree, under which to pass the hottest hours of the day, and rest until the evening, when I used to continue my journey, amidst most fragrant and refreshing zephyrs that precede the shades of night.

In proportion as I ascended this river, the gloom and solitude which at first surrounded me began to vanish, and vestiges of society and civilization frequently appeared. I often met with various groups of figures in small parties, or set-

tlements, along the banks. In many places wearied travellers, like myself and my poor black, were passing the heat of the day, buried in profound sleep; in others, parties were busily preparing their repast; and some newly arrived, were engaged in pitching their camp equipage. As I carefully viewed the lively scene before me, I perceived in the remote distance, under a very thick foliage, an aged Portuguese officer, who was surrounded by many attendants; and his horses, mules, and palanquins, were near him. His stature was majestic, and his soul-beaming countenance possessed all that happy serenity which at once denotes a great and powerful mind, engaged in the contemplation of the highest subjects. All who contemplated his countenance and figure seemed to feel a degree of veneration, mingled with that love which was almost involuntarily excited by his appearance.

Knowing that I had many very sultry

hours to pass away ere I could pursue my journey, I wished to gain the acquaintance and protection of this interesting Portuguese, in whose society I hoped to spend the time with satisfaction. I accordingly approached him, and perceiving my intention as I drew near, he arose and received my salutation and professions of respect with no less ceremony than politeness. He invited me to partake of the meat, fish, fruit, and wine, of which he was eating, and also to share the carpet on which he was seated. Happy in thus obtaining the acquaintance of so interesting a man, I eagerly accepted his proffered kindness, and immediately placed myself by his side.

Having enjoyed an exquisite repast in the Brazilian fashion, we entered into conversation, and I soon found he was journeying to Saint Francis, the place of which he was governor, and to which I was travelling on my way to Pernambuco. Perceiving that we were both travelling in

the same direction, he immediately undertook to conduct me; and I departed in the afternoon, not as I had arrived, on foot and unfriended, but on horseback, with all the suite and magnificence of a prince of the Roman empire.

END OF VOL. II.

B. Clarke, Printer, Well Street, London.

be not abused, as Jeroboam's was. Hos. 7. ‖ came up out of the river seven well-favoured kine